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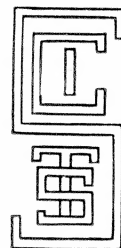


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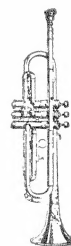
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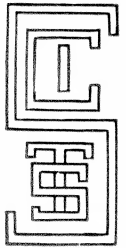
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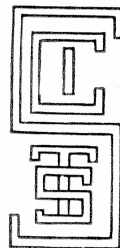
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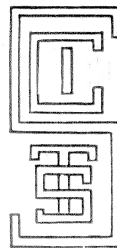
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*Published in the Interests of the Students of the Sarnia
Collegiate Institute and Technical School.*

30th Year of Publication

SARNIA

May, 1935

COVER DESIGN BY DONALD HARBORNE

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FOREWORD



"SO you can't take it, eh?"

No slang phrase is more expressive of the experiences of the past few years! To a greater or lesser degree, everyone has had to "take" it—whether it be loss of work, loss of money or loss of opportunity. Naturally enough, High School students feel something of the spirit of defeat in the air and are tempted to say, "Well, what's the use? Why work when the prospect looks so gloomy?"

Yet what is behind that phrase "Can't you take it?" Isn't it our pity and even contempt for the person who submits too easily to defeat, and our admiration for the one who can "take" it, who can stick it out when the going is hard and finally win the fight? History, which is merely the past experience of the race, shows that out of the hardest times have come the finest achievements. Hence this foreword will serve its best purpose, I believe, if it is a challenge to you who read it to have faith in yourselves, your country and your future and keep on "taking" it until we all win through to better days.

Discouragement? Can you take it? We all have to, at one time or another. It requires perseverance and faith, but it can be done!

Routine work—disagreeable, perhaps, and sometimes difficult. Can you take it? If you make up your mind to do it efficiently, it loses most of its unattractiveness.

Responsibility—can you take it? Or are you still in the childhood stage of your training, needing someone to watch over and spoon-feed you all the time? If so, wake up to your responsibilities as a high school student.

Freedom—can you take it? Or have you not yet developed the self-control, good judgment and consideration for others that fit one to share in this heritage?

And finally, opportunity—can you take it? Are you ready for it when it comes, as it will come, to those who are prepared? Now is your chance to get ready!

Can you take it?

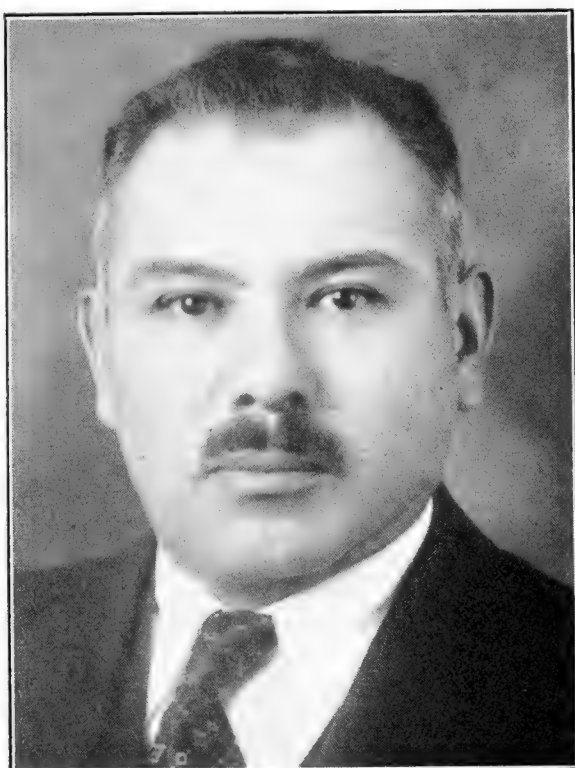
—F. C. ASBURY.



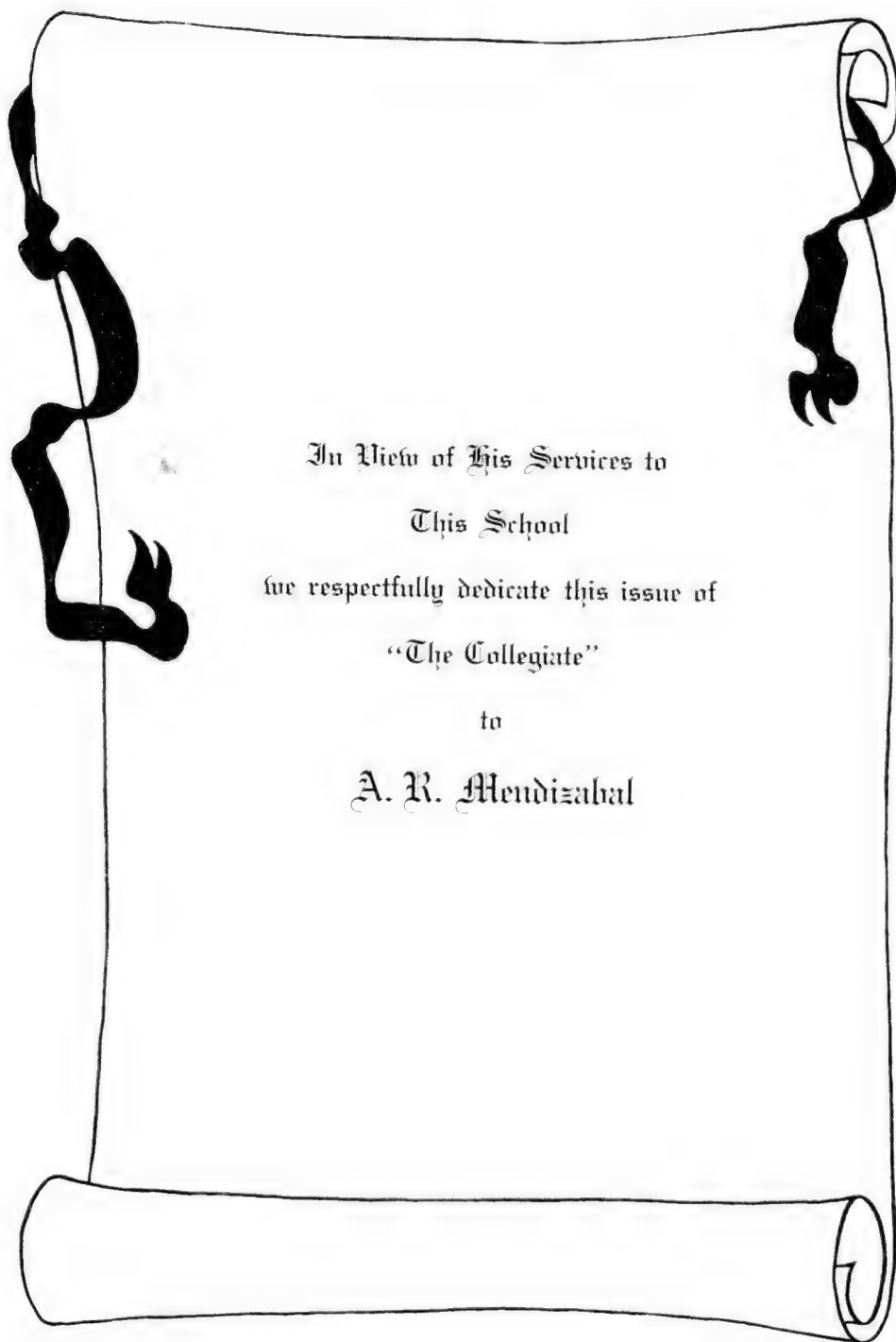
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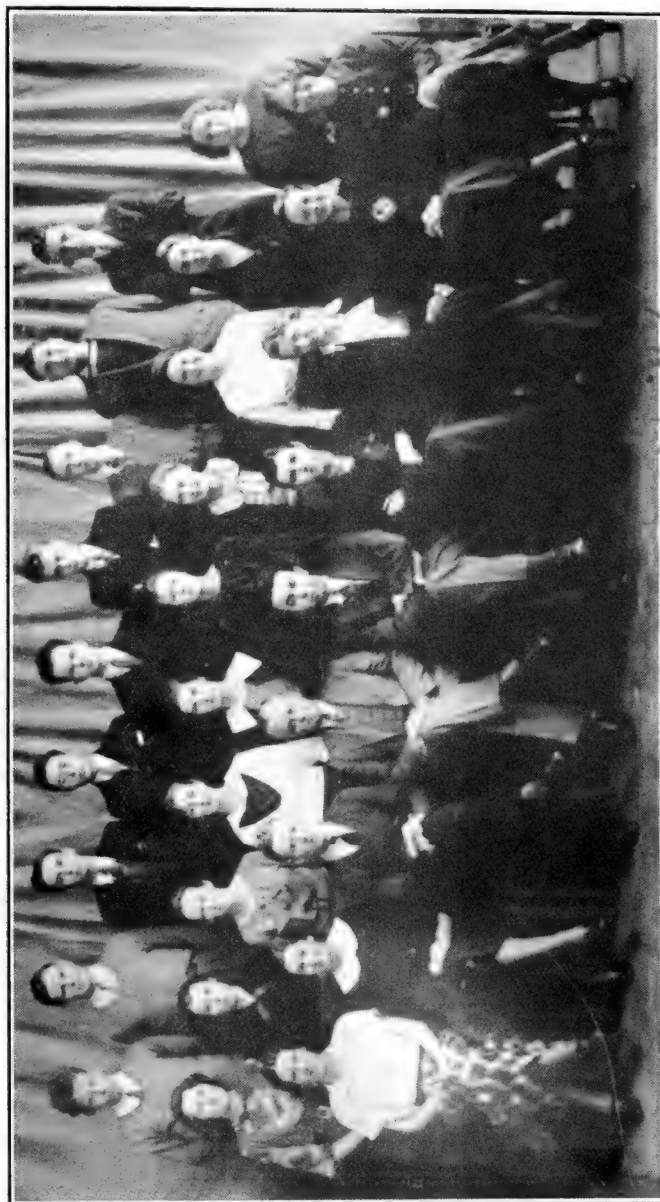
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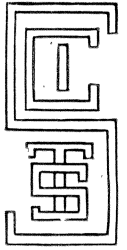


In View of His Services to
This School
we respectfully dedicate this issue of
"The Collegiate"
to
A. R. Mendizabal



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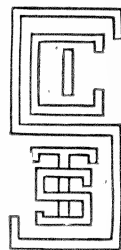
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The Editors



HUMANITY TAKES A STEP

HUMANITY took a definite step forward during the past year. It found out something.

It found out that munition workers are today engaging in an amazing game of secrecy, intrigue, business rivalry, spying, and general instigation of warfare between nations.

I believe that this has been not only a revelation that has come to the people as a thunder clap of fact, but that it has done more to discourage the chances of future warfare, in the minds of the vast majority, than all the bitter condemnation of the church, and all the anti-war campaigning of men such as Bruce Barton and the others like him, put together.

Not that these agents have not been sincere, but it seems as if the world plodding onward with its own pursuits, self-centered and possessed by spasmodic alarms and scares of a future war, needed something to awake it as searing in its reality, as amazing in its duplicity, as incredibly ugly in its mercenary baseness, as the salient fact brought out by the recent munitions investigations—that there are men in our midst who live by the sale of death—be it from tearing steel, or consuming gas, but death all the same—the death of the youth of nations, who might do so much for the world, if only they were permitted to live, and not fall into dust, so that a munition firm's ledger might show a high figure of profit.

Never before has there been such an agitation to teach the peoples of the world the truth about War—to strip it of its glamour, to make it stand forth revealed. Commercial profit in warfare is no new thing. There are records of it in the annals of the Ancient East. The trouble was, the people of our times forgot—forgot and were duped by a curtain of glamour.

The chances of a recurrence of such a cataclysm are dead.

If people again march to war, it will not be because of its glory and thrill. It will be because they know that they must do so, for some reason—such as the invasion of their country.

The world is full of the talk of war today. That is true. It is also true that this talk is the talk of leaders—or shall we better say, of men in high offices?—and not of the people. And the people's view is what counts.

The people have been aroused. The exposé of the munitions traffic has aroused them. The world's attitude towards war is slowly but definitely changing. That's what makes Lawrence Stallings and Beverly Nichols two of the most important men in the world today, judged by standards of human benefit and destiny.

It has taken a long time but Humanity has taken a step in the right direction—a big step.

—JOHN DANNER.

APPRECIATION

THE feeling of a great majority of people to-day is that music of the best kind is so remotely incomprehensible that it is useless to listen to it. Some assume the idea that to understand great music, a thorough education in all its forms is necessary. This, however, is absolutely foreign to the art. A great opera or symphony is not a mystery for a chosen few or a difficult scientific problem but a human expression of feeling. A musical masterpiece, just as in literature or art, is a means of conveying beauty to the men and women of the world—a mental experience. It is true that there are professionals who would have us believe that music is far above the ordinary mind. They want to reduce it to formulae and brand it as a marvellous art past ordinary comprehension. In spite of their efforts, however, there is an instinct in the public for music which these academicians cannot corrupt. These same routiniers are the people who complain that we of the public are incapable of musical appreciation.

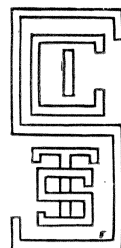
To really acquire a love of grand opera, one must at once associate the drama with the music. Of all great music, opera is the form easiest to understand because of the close, almost infallible association of the dramatic feeling of the story with the composer's music. The purpose of the music is to carry to a greater pitch the emotions of the story. To accomplish this, the composer may choose a rich and profound symphonic method or a very lyrical melody to touch the hearts of his listeners. For example, the noble dirge of the burial of Siegfried in Wagner's opera of the same name, or the joyous aria of love "Dearest Name" from Verdi's opera *Rigoletto*.

Since the drama and music of an opera are so closely blended, obviously, the first step is to acquaint oneself with the types of characters and the plot of the story to

be depicted in the opera. This is especially important among we English-speaking people since a great majority of our operas, being composed by foreigners, are written in foreign languages and the masterworks are seldom performed in translation. Then, understanding the story, the dramatic musical accompaniment is soon appreciated. Sometimes the melodious airs and vocal display can be enjoyed even without a knowledge of the libretto. For example, the "Mad Scene" from the opera *"Lucia di Lammermoor"* or the superb harmony of the famous quartette from *"Rigoletto."* But if one realizes in this great quartette that one character is swearing vengeance, another portraying the falseness of her lover, a third expressing the character of a careless voluptuary, and finally, the fourth displaying the role of an alluring coquette, then not only the melody is heard but the human feeling increased. This is an example of what the dramatic music can convey. As we encourage the ear to combine the music and the dramatic emotions or learn to love the greater dramas of Wagner. One sees Richard Wagner not as a composer of "chromatic harmony," "suspension," and "leading motives" but as a great master of tone and an inspirer of the highest emotions of love and joy in the human being.

In conclusion, remember that it is beauty and feeling to be sought in opera and not the technique of the music; the relationship between the music and the drama. Not all the operas are as great as those of Wagner or Verdi, Gluck, Mozart, Rossini, Puccini, and Meyerbeer but as in any art, each work has its own merit. Their popularity is everlasting because the appeal to the soul will always be the same. Music has a soul which is eternal and nothing can give one greater pleasure than an appreciation of music.

—FRED B. RAINSBERRY



THE UNSEEN WORLD

OUTSIDE the laboratory the world of the chemist is unseen. It is a closed book to most people and yet, chemistry, unlike most sciences, includes all matter. The lighting of a match is a chemical action, the syrup you put on your pancakes has a chemical formula, life itself is chemistry and the human body may be measured in terms of calcium, iron or phosphorous. Once man lived by raw materials alone, but now, under the influence of chemistry, synthetic materials are taking their place in our modern life.

How many of us realize that the upholstery in our automobiles is not leather but fabrikoid, a synthetic product of the chemist, and that the clear transparent cellophane wrapping of our cigars was once part of a sturdy tree; that the rich dyes that colour modern clothing were once black coal, or that the sulphuric acid in our laboratory was once the thick choking smoke of some factory. Who would ever imagine that the glistening mottled material comprising our fountain pens, soap boxes, tooth brushes, candles, combs, mirrors and brushes was cotton, treated with nitric acid?

All these marvelous inventions are the children of a science which is scarcely more than one hundred and fifty years old. It is true that the alchemists, before this time, had laboured long years in vain attempts to transmute base metals into gold but it was not until they abandoned myth and sought after Truth that chemistry, "The Invisible Science," was born.

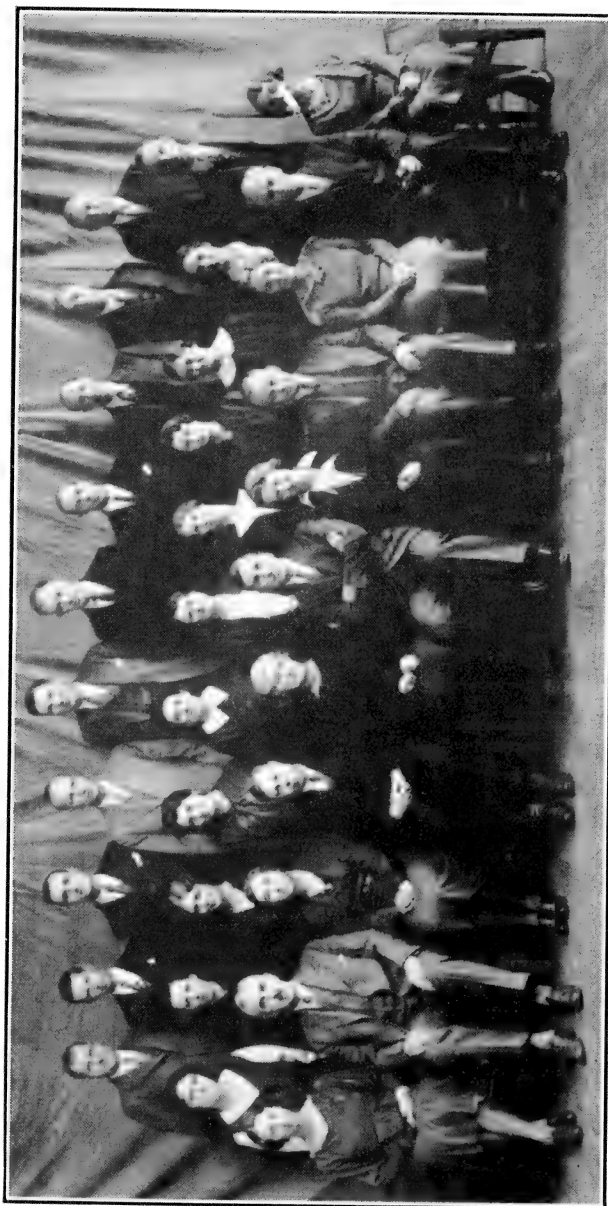
Soon a second class of chemists arose, men who sought to apply the knowledge gained, to some practical end, and it is the work of this group that has given us most of our chemical inventions.

The sphere of the chemist's activities is boundless. He studies the composition of our food and determines what is best suited to our individual needs. He tests the foods sold, to insure purity and devises methods of purifying our water to reduce contagious diseases such as typhoid fever. He transforms garbage, a menace to health, into useful products and works ceaselessly to combat disease. He helps industry by turning useless waste products into useful by-products. For example, sixty years ago cotton seeds were regarded as refuse of the cotton. The chemist discovered a valuable oil in these seeds and to-day the annual production of cottonseed oil totals many millions of dollars. Common ordinary drinking water yielded under the guiding hand of the chemist, hydrogen and oxygen, two very important gases, and salt, ordinary table salt, engenders in one way or another chlorine, hydrochloric acid, caustic soda and ammonia when broken up by the chemist.

We moderns do not believe in ghosts or invisible spirits and yet there is an unseen spirit continually in our midst, presiding over our meals, our possessions and our health. It is chemistry, the unseen, little-known lore, the science which has contributed more to the progress of mankind than any other force in this world.

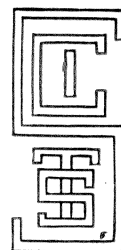
—JACK CLUNIE.





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1934 - 35



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"Learning is but an adjunct to ourself."

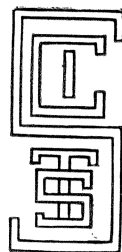
ONTARIO'S GROWING INDUSTRY

There is before me a copy of "Annual Survey of Education in Canada" which lists over one hundred Private Schools in Ontario having an enrolment of over eleven thousand pupils. Most of these schools are supported by religious bodies and give, but do not make compulsory religious instruction. As they are residence schools and not under the control of The Department of Education the fees are quite high, being in many cases as great as \$700.00 to \$750.00 per year. Obviously, therefore, the advantages offered by Private Schools are open only to children of parents who have accumulated considerable worldly wealth or who are not in a position to provide a suitable home for their children.

It may be interesting to note that not many years ago the only means of obtaining a liberal education was by means of a private tutor or through Private Schools such as those previously mentioned. The less fortunate of our citizens were thus denied the opportunities open to the upper classes. Realizing the injustice of this and being convinced of the great benefit that would accrue both to the individual and to the state, public spirited educationists braved criticisms of having socialistic tendencies and advocated a liberal education for all the expense of the public.

From that time on thus more and more of our younger generation have been in attendance at our public schools, so that at the present time practically all of the children of elementary school age are in attendance while the enrolment in Secondary Schools has increased from about five per one thousand population in 1872 to about thirty-five per one thousand in 1930, an increase of over 700 per cent in a period of sixty years. This is surely a wonderful tribute to the ideals of those who sought to make education available to the rank of our fellow citizens.

During this period the type of instructor has improved a great deal. History records that in Ontario disbanded soldiers at one time gave instruction, such as it was, in certain fundamentals. Our own memory reaches back to instructors holding only Third Class certificates, which represent little better than a two-year High School course. Now First Class certificates are being asked for in Elementary Schools while Secondary School teachers are required to have four or five years of University training on top of which is placed another year of attendance at a Teacher's Training School—a six-year course in all following graduation from High School. This high standard of qualifications required for Secondary School teachers has resulted in



improved and efficient instruction, through which Ontario has nothing to lose but much to gain.

As Industry has improved its products throughout these years and put new products on the market, so has Education offered new and improved courses of study. The object of educational instruction in Ontario has always been vocational whether it be the three R's or secondary education giving courses leading to the professions or occupations in industry. Of recent years Industry has wakened up to the fact that our schools were preparing boys and girls principally for University entrance, which would lead to the professions, or for positions in offices; that due to economic or other reasons, only a small proportion could ever make use of this training, and that, therefore, the efforts of many pupils were not devoted to the best ends. Trade unions, noting the decline of the Apprenticeship system, therefore advocated that the field of vocation training be broadened so as to include a number of trades. Thus arose our present-day Vocational and Technical Schools. As old occupations are continually disappearing and new ones appearing, these courses are being gradually changed to accommodate them to changing conditions.

The number of courses is still quite small in comparison with the number of occupations and it may not be looking far into the future to see the Province some day dotted with schools which will train these wards for almost every conceivable vocation.

But you say, does not the wholesale training of youth exact a severe drain on the public treasury? Of course, no industry can turn out a product at no expense to itself, nor can any industry increase its output over seven hundred per cent without increasing the expenditure, even though the cost of manufacturing a unit is greatly reduced. Thus, although the cost of education has increased considerably since the state assumed control, the cost of output per unit has decreased gradually. To confirm the above statement I quote from a bulletin on "Cost of Education" published in 1934 by authority of Hon. H. H. Stevens, as Minister of Trade and Commerce: "it can be deduced that the real cost of a day's instruction in 1931, if the distribution between elementary and secondary grades had been the same as in 1913 would have been only 90 per cent of what it was in the earlier year." In 1934 the gross cost per day per pupil for Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School was 75 cents or \$150 per year, surely a great reduction from what we would be paying were we required to send our children to receive instruction in Private Schools.

Ontario, then, in assuming the control of public education has brought instruction within the reach of all, has stressed vocational education, has increased the number of courses available, has improved instruction by continually raising the standards of the instructors and, with all, has decreased the cost of education per unit of output.

—E. L. TRIETZ.

SCIENTIFIC STUDIES

All pupils attending high schools in Ontario to-day are aware of the important place Scientific Studies have upon the curriculum. Doubtless, however, few realize what a great change has taken place in a comparatively few years. This advancement of Scientific Studies to a prominent place in any general course of study is in evidence in all civilized coun-

tries, even where established customs are hard to change and tradition has its strongest hold. The change is evident not only in School and University courses but in magazines, books, and the daily press. In addition to magazines devoted specifically to Science we have important Science Sections in many others. Even the staid and long established London

Illustrated News has in the last few years devoted many pages to Scientific articles and illustrations. We have such books as "Every Man's Chemistry," "Physics in the Household," "Every Day Problems in Biology," "Biology and Human Welfare," and no new issues of any daily paper are without some note of Scientific interest.

In education all students alike need personal contact with realities. Exercise is that kind of reasoning which is susceptible of Practical Proof in the laboratory. Formerly the sciences were much more distinct than they are now which is probably only another way of saying that Knowledge was much more limited. Today physics cannot be sharply separated from chemistry nor can biology be sharply separated from either of them. The same is true to a greater or less extent of astronomy, mathematics, mineralogy, and geology. Beneath all these lies the unity of knowledge.

Great thinkers have pondered the im-

portant questions: "What knowledge is of most worth," "How to live completely," "What is the essence of time culture." Knowledge is useful in proportion to or in accordance with its leaning on the actions and thoughts of mankind. There are many humanly important aspects of all Scientific Studies.

All good workmen have ideals in relation to their work. It is true of teachers as of others. That we are rarely if ever able to attain these ideals for like all ideals they are veritable Will-O-the-Wisps which waft themselves farther away as we strive to grasp them. The pursuit is none the less far from vain and that we cannot attain our ideals, is the least of objections against them. They serve as a sort of spiritual radium, sending forth a perpetual Emanation, keeping work and life aglow with interest. Interest in the pursuit of Scientific Studies was never more vital than it is to-day.

—W. A. DENT.

SCHOOL AND SPORT

These two should not be antagonistic—our subject is "School *and* Sport" not "School *versus* Sport"—but it requires good judgment and sometimes a little self-restraint to mix them in the proper proportion. Athletics form a valuable *accompaniment* to a high school education; in fact, when properly conducted, they have a distinct educational value, but they form a poor *substitute* for an education. Occasionally enthusiasm and lack of self-control cause us to forget this distinction.

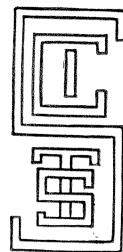
Let me quote a few sentences from a recent pronouncement of Mr. W. A. Fry, president of the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada.

"There is no doubt that too many boys who are good athletes are exploited in various branches of sport to the detriment of the main issue in their lives, namely the securing of an education, for which they are being sent to school, and

for which their parents are paying the bill. In innumerable cases boys who have played for their school teams, and also for other local teams, have been two or three years trying to secure their standing in one grade, and then finally had to pass out into business without an education.

"A boy comes to school primarily to secure that education, and he should be protected so that he will reach the aim for which his family in many cases made a tremendous sacrifice. Playing on too many teams certainly prevents a boy getting very far with his academic work." Mr. Fry then goes on to suggest that "If there is no opportunity for the boy to play in his school, he should be given a chance to play on some other team, provided his academic standing warrants it."

This last is the point I want to emphasize. How foolish it is of boys—and of their parents, too—to disregard the warn-



ing given them by academic ineligibility for a School team and persist in playing for some outside church or city league organization—sometimes under much less desirable conditions than at school. Why not be good sports, in the true sense of

the word, accept the penalty for neglect of work, get down to consistent study and so qualify at the next opportunity for the right to represent the School.

—F. C. ASBURY.

PERSONALITY

Man is a complex being. Three important sides to his nature can be studied: these are the physical, the intellectual, and, since we lack a better term, we might call the third the emotional. One of the most fascinating studies is the psychology of this last division, very commonly called the psychology of personality, or the means by which human beings adjust themselves, mentally, to their environment.

Early in the study of the science of biology, Darwin announced a startling theory on physical adjustment to environment: Harvey on the circulation of the blood: and later Dr. Cannon published his great work on "The Wisdom of the Body." True it is, so far, that no such startling theories have been enunciated concerning personality, yet the fact remains that many wonderful truths are coming to light. The physical side of life occupies a great deal of attention today, with modern services of Health Institutes to enable us to care for our bodies. The intellectual side, which enables a person to learn new subject matter, receives daily more attention. But the fascination in the study of personality lies in the fact that it seems to connect the physical with the mental.

The enquirer might ask, "What is personality?" To those who like definition, the answer is: "Personality is the progressing organization of those systems of mental and motor activity that represent

an individual's characteristic adjustments to his environment."

If you wish a popular statement, but one which is rather ill-defined and perhaps meaningless, you can borrow the term from the movie world and consider the word "It." The drawback to this description lies in its vagueness and lack of generalized meaning. Like all slang terms, it leaves us just where we began—with no new concepts of the idea.

Too often, works on personality are characterized by indefinite meaningless terms; biophysical terms being used throughout rather than indefinite biosocial terms. A personality is not described as "forceful" but as "assertive"; not as "humble" but as "submissive". Such scientific terms—assertive, submissive—are capable of a very definite interpretation. Thus there is a new vocabulary to describe personality and we are familiar with such terms as "normal adjustment," "extravert," "intravert" and many others.

The practical side of personality training has two hopeful aims. The first is that by studying the interests and judgment of values of the individual, some clues to his special aptitudes may be discovered. The other, the basic one, is that of creating a well adjusted, wholesome personality, which, built in early life, tends toward a happy, healthy middle and later life.

W. G. COLES



Scholarships



ROGER ANDERSON



JOHN HALL

"Knowledge is the great sun in the firmament"

ONCE again, certain students have been brought to the fore of the school's attention with the winning of a number of scholarships, this past year.

Dorothy Frances Core heads the list, with an award of the Second Carter Scholarship for Lambton County to the value of \$60. This award was given on the strength of Dorothy's Departmental Examination record for 1934.

John Rolland Hall won the Third Carter Scholarship for Lambton County to the value of \$40. It also was given for John's excellence in the June Departmental Examinations.

This year the D. M. Grant Scholarship, of a value of \$50, was presented to Roger Vair Anderson for superior standing during his third and fourth years, in the Collegiate course.

Raymond Kember won an unusual scholarship for his proficiency in a course conducted by the General Motors of Canada, at Oshawa, 1934. The course was open to boys specializing in Auto Mechanics. It was the Second Scholarship and valued at \$30.

Congratulations, Scholarship Winners.





"Memory of past will stay, and half our joys renew."

THIS year if we wish to visit all those lucky (?) ones who have left the school, graduates and others, we'll have to save time by taking an aeroplane.

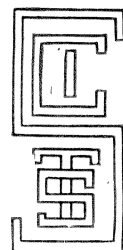
The longest way there is the shortest way home, so we travel to Montreal in one long jump. Here we find Margaret MacDonald helping her father, at the Royal Victoria Hospital. Next we hop over to Kingston, and here we find more friends. Harry Turnbull and Bill Teskey come out to greet us at Queen's University. Now we leave for Toronto. This city is fortunate in having several of our graduates. At Toronto University we see Art. Hueston, Bill Luscombe, Jack Garrett, John Hall, Fred Shaw, all studying with their usual intensity. We take a tour of the city to visit Enid Whitling at Bishop Strachan School, Dorothy Misener at Branksome Hall, Fran. Langan at St. Michael's Hospital, Margaret McGibbon at the Toronto General Hospital and a few miles east of Toronto, Marty Stewart is attending Hatfield Hall at Cobourg. Margaret Kember is taking a course at the Royal College of Art.

Now we have to hop around between the various cities near Toronto. Jack McKellar is studying at the Guelph Agricultural College, Guelph. In St. Catharines we find Peter and Bob McGibbon have gone high-brow at Ridley. Flying to London we find a number of students intend to be public school teachers. They are Janet Turnbull, Dorothy Core, Mabel Brown, Mary Patterson, Frances McMahan, and John Connors. Wilma Milliken is attending Western University; Dorothy Ramsay is taking a business course at the Westervelt Business School and Ettie Rainsberry has gone in training at the Western Hospital. Frank Walsh is at St. Peter's Seminary.

Two of our brilliant (?) students, Joe Woodcock and Jim Driscoll are attending Assumption College at Sandwich, which is our next stop. Coming north we can visit Marjorie MacGregor who is in training in St. Joseph's Hospital, Chatham. Going further north we find Jim Simpson working in the Bank of Toronto at Owen Sound.

Now we fly across the border. Here we find both of the Geddes sisters attending school in Lansing. On the way back we drop in on Barbara Winters who is taking a course in Port Huron.

When we finally arrive home we find quite a few of our former students have been fortunate enough to secure positions in the city. At the Imperial Oil Limited we are represented by Don. Gordon, Dick Pearson, Irwin Fraser, Jack Harvey; at the Auto-Lite a few of our brainy students eke out a living—Raymond Coveny, Lawrence Hall, Charlie Stover, Jack Lea and Edgar Leckie. Two brawny boys have chosen the Freight Sheds—Herb Jackson and Frank Mollitor. Jim Skelton and Roy Nield are working against each other. Jim at the Lambton Motors and Ray at the St. Clair Motors. Melvin Ramsay is in Gurd, Fuller and Taylor's law offices. Harry Haines pounds a typewriter at the Canadian Observer Office. Dick Geddes is helping them run the Dominion Bank in



town. Dave Miller works at Duggan's Store. Don Smith helps his father sell Enarco products. Ted Parsons is working at Parsons' Gift Shop. Bob Hackney is working at Walker's Groceteria. Frank Bonner is playing in Clare Thorner's Orchestra. Walter Johnston and Keith Rintoul are working at the Holmes Foundry.

Now we look for the girls who are earning their daily bread—Billie Dowie keeps the books at Phippen's Ltd. Thelma Ball works for her father. Margaret Kerr is selling biscuits for Loblaw's. Helen Simpkins is working in Lee's Bakery. Jean Needham is working in the office of the Auto-Lite. Edith Dawes is working at the Auto-Lite.

Then there are those who have gone seeking knowledge at the Sarnia Business College—Doris Kilmer, Dorothy English, Marion Burke, Hugh Anderson, Art Brown, Leonard Kirby, Dunc. McDermid, Bob McGlachlin, Bill Doohan, Milton Neal, Max Craig.

Now for those who are taking life easy at home. Boys, take notice: The girls are Helen Holton, Joan Plummer, Doris Scott, Anna Tennant, Sue Mackenzie, Mary and Kay Armstrong, Evelyn Cole, Violet Parker, Dorothy French, Betty Stamm, Laurien Hare.

For Women Only—The boys at home are Roy Fleming, Manley Mott, Cliff Jones, Lyle Smith, Stan Wood, Morley Oke, Bob Ballantyne, Ivan Hillier, Arthur Bolton, Charlie Gordon, Frank Wren, Albert Flavelle.



BRAIN TWISTERS

1. An Arab merchant—Ali Tosis—wished to make a journey with as few camels as possible, but according to his religious beliefs, had to have a camel before a camel and another before that, a camel behind a camel and a camel behind that, and besides, there had to be a camel in the middle. What was the least number of camels he could have had?

2. Two sweeps who were cleaning out a chimney both fell down the inside of the chimney. They were unhurt, although one had a dirty face as a result of the fall. The dirty one did not bother to wash his face, while the one with the clean face washed his. Why this peculiar behaviour?

3. A mule was tethered to a rope. Yonder was a bale of hay, but the length of the rope did not equal the distance from the mule to the hay. How did he succeed in reaching it?

4. A pilot in an airplane race on a circular course noticed that there were nine planes ahead of him and that the number of planes behind him was 90% of the total number in the race. How many planes were in the race?

5. A man walks eight feet behind another, and at such a rate that at each step, the distance between them is cut in half. Reasoning on a strictly mathematical basis, how many steps would the second man have to take to catch up to the first?

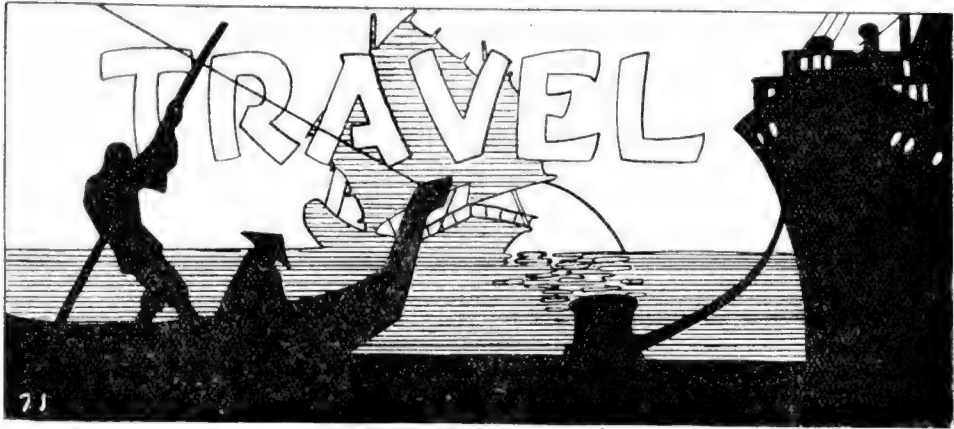
6. Two cyclists 30 miles apart began riding towards each other at an equal rate of speed of six miles an hour. At the same moment when they started, a fly, perched on the bars of one, flew towards the other. On reaching it, he immediately turned about and flew back to the first. He kept flying back and forth until the riders ran together. If his rate was 15 miles per hour how far did he fly?

Can you understand? Time flies, you can't they fly too fast.

8. PUNCTUATE: That that is is that that is not is not but that that is is not that that is not and that that is not is not that that is.

9. Can you arrange four sixes to equal 100?

10. Can you use seven "that's" correctly in a sentence, and have them consecutive?



*"I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through many a weary way."*

A TRAVEL section is an innovation this year and somewhat in the nature of an experiment. The "Collegiate" Magazine has a space for almost every field of activity but until now, "travel" has not yet been represented.

Travel has three chief advantages—health, recreation and education.

Doctors frequently advise an ocean voyage for their patients. A change of climate and surroundings has been known to improve the health of many people. A

complete change from the routine of the every day business of living gives a person a better and brighter outlook on life.

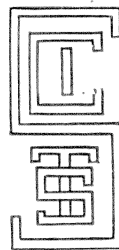
Vacations are the times of the year most eagerly anticipated, and why not? Nature intended that there be a time for play as well as work, and travel is the natural answer to the question. What to do? New people, new sights, new sounds—all these, later leave memories of pleasant holidays.

POINTS OF INTEREST IN A WORLD TOUR

There is no country but Canada where you can travel for two continuous days on fresh-water inland seas and for another three days continuously across great prairies, where golden grain waves in the sun; then for another twenty-four hours, follow rivers that cut their way through mountain ranges—nine, ten and fifteen thousand feet high, and arrive at the broad Pacific. Such an experience was mine, when I left Sarnia in September, 1931. The Chinese ideal of beauty is water, plain, and mountain, but they have never dreamed of it on such a scale as this.

At Vancouver I boarded the "Empress of Canada" and for five days sailed on

deep, blue water in balmy breezes where the flying fishes played. I spent hours watching shoals of fish rise, fly and dip into the water again as our boat ploughed up the spray. As we stood at anchor waiting for orders before entering the harbour of Honolulu, I saw sharks swimming in the clear, emerald water beneath the ship, and as we slowly steamed into the harbour an army of fifty natives swam out two miles to reap their harvest of coins tossed from the passengers on the ship. In Honolulu the delightful climate, the scented breezes, the garlands of ginger flowers, the surf-riding, and the Hawaiian singing still stand out in my memory.



The things of interest in Japan were the Imperial palaces in Tokyo, a street brilliantly lighted with Japanese lanterns, in Kobe, used as a bazaar, the beautiful inland seas with their mountainous shores and snow-capped Fujiyama towering above them all, and the clapping wooden shoes held down by the toe-thong of the Japanese.

The sampans, temples, bare mountains, dry river beds, ancient customs, bare sun-burned bodies, happy-go-lucky faces, women with their little feet, mound graves and teeming millions, are some of the things that impress you in China.

The palm-thatched open houses of the Philippines and Malay Islands, the great British naval base, and the monkeys running wild in the parks, the coconut groves, the rubber plantations at Singapore are worthy of mention. From Belawan, in Sumatra, we took a jitney that raced for forty miles up the steep hillsides, around dangerous precipices, through torrential rains, to Brastaggi, a plain three thousand feet above sea level. In this ride, which took two hours, we passed through the heat of the equator, to the coolness found in Canada in the autumn. Here the native women file their teeth to pin-like points, and their lips and gums are stained red from the betel nut which they chew. Across the plain we could see an active volcano belching forth its fumes.

We called at Ceylon, sniffed its spicy breezes, then sailed south nearer the equator to miss the monsoons of India. We were parallel with the equator for about seven days and in the evening wore our woollen clothes in order to be comfortable, until we arrived at the east coast of Africa. Then north to Jibuti in French Somaliland. There we saw a camel sale and the natives cleaning coffee. They told us they had not had a drop of rain for three years. The heat was intense.

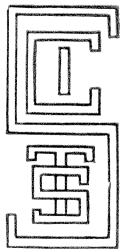
We spent four days on the Red Sea and anchored off Suez about where the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea some three thousand years ago. At

this end the colour of the water is varied and brilliantly beautiful—in fact, the sea derives its name from the appearance of the water caused by the reflection of the red appearing landscape that lies along its western borders.

The cool breezes of the Mediterranean and the absence of bargaining while shopping at its ports, make you feel that you have left the Orient behind. As we passed by the toe of Italy, we noticed that a new Messina was being erected on the same spot where the former one had been swallowed up by an earthquake a few years previously. Some natives on our ship told us that the earthquake was sent by God in answer to a challenge made by one of their poets. He ridiculed the idea of God and said, "If there be a God let him send an earthquake upon Messina." A few hours later we passed Stromboli, a mountain peak that rises sheer out of the sea. You could see the beds of lava hanging down its sides, and clinging to its skirts was a fringe of dwellings inhabited with people who made their living growing grapes. Ten miles farther on, the night suddenly fell and looking back, we could see Stromboli belching forth huge tongues of fire at one to five minute intervals. In Genoa, I saw the house in which Christopher Columbus was born, and at Barcelona, in Spain, is the monument built to commemorate the place from which he sailed westward to discover a new world.

Gibraltar reminded me of the tenacity of the British soldiers and the solidity of our Empire. The German boat, on which we sailed, saluted the fort as we passed. The site of the battle of Trafalgar, shortly after leaving the Straits of Gibraltar, reminded us of Nelson and the daring of his British Tars.

Space does not permit me to do more than mention the cleanliness and sturdiness of the people famous for their wooden shoes, dykes, and windmills, or to describe the beauties of England and Scotland. But I cannot close without telling you of one of the most fascinating sights



I saw when a school of fifty whales or more sent spouts of water shooting into the air against a background of silent icebergs glittering in the morning sun, as the coast of Labrador came into view. Sunset on the St. Lawrence, Quebec, Wolfe's Cove, the whitewashed cottages

of the French habitant, Mount Royal and the Thousand Islands are sights I hope you will some day see. The flier No. 15 is just pulling into Sarnia—so here I am home again.

—MARION MCKINLEY, I-C.

TROPICAL JUNGLES

In the far northern section of South America where the Isthmus of Panama joins the two huge Americas, we find the land of Colombia. We seldom hear of this unique country which is even larger than its well-known neighbour, Venezuela. It is a land of towering snow-topped mountains and grassy tropical plains, modernistic air lanes and ancient mule trails, fever-ridden swamps and healthy, temperate hillsides, banana plantations and impenetrable jungles.

Let us journey for a short time into this verdant jungle that has been growing for centuries but which forms only a part of this wonderful land. If we know the country well we can find some well-used mule trails and if we are wise we will use them with the help of their makers, the lowly mules. If the trail is wide, the sun's blistering heat drills with unabated strength on our backs, for now we are in the tropical lowlands. It is peaceful, jogging slowly along in the drowsy heat, buzzards wheeling over head and occasional paraquet fleeting past, and vividly colored lizzards slipping over the trail ahead of us. This is lazy travel however; let us strike out into the jungle itself. Fortunately we have with us two wiry natives and with their large knives of machetes, fully two feet long, they can clear us a way through the thick underbrush.

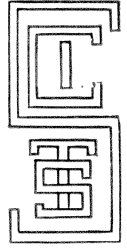
Clear of the wide sunlit trail we enter an atmosphere that is gloomy, damp and mysterious. The earth is covered with wet, rotting leaves, but here and there as we stumble along over slippery roots and past clutching vines, we see a beautiful orchid or a gayly-coloured butterfly.

We have abandoned the mules and as we advance along the ridge-top, we stop now and then to admire some huge grotesque spider monkeys sporting and chattering in the adjacent tree-tops, or possibly we see some vividly coloured macaws flying through the trees. There are two species, some coloured red and blue and others yellow and blue. We observe with interest that the birds of the same colour travel together.

We are all watching with wide eyes for those objects of universal distaste, the snakes. We will be lucky if we see one (or should I say unlucky?) for very rarely will a snake allow anyone to approach close enough for it to be seen. Walking quietly however, we surprise one curled up asleep on a pile of dry leaves in a ray of sunshine filtering through the overhanging branches. It is possibly ten feet long with vivid yellow markings on its ugly body. A twig snaps and with incredible speed and barely a rustle, the loathsome thing darts away. Our party with a fluttering sigh of relief, moves on.

We have been passing through a bad section, for even this part of the world. Pulling against clutching vines and trying to evade thorny trees and bushes we have passed over hills, through swamps and over sandstone ridges. The swamps have been the worst. Up to the waist in slimy, stinking water, clutching for the only means of support—small isolated bushes covered with three-inch spikes and crawling ants—we struggle along and gasp for breath when we again reach solid earth.

We begin to realize what the old desert rat means when he tells of swollen



tongues, and men gasping for water. For one who knows however, there is help close by. We troop to the top of the ridge, being met by an enthusiastic committee of mosquitoes half way up. Arriving at the crest we watch with amazement, the actions of the natives. Telling us to make cups of some of the huge leaves growing near, each one grasps a section of one of the huge vines covering the ground. These are from three to six inches in diameter and are called bahooka vines. With two swift blows of their machetes, the natives cut off sections of about four feet in length. Holding them vertically, they signal us to put our improvised cups under the lower end. To our amazement a stream of crystal-clear water flows from the vine into our cups. A gift from heaven, indeed! Champagne

itself could not taste better and even the mosquitoes could not be enjoying themselves more.

But the day is drawing to a close. Our clothes are wet with perspiration, we are covered from head to foot with mosquito bites, ants and forest vegetation. We have not seen even the smallest part of the wonders of this amazing land of surprises but we have seen much and have walked over land probably never walked upon by man.

Wearily we stumble back to the trail, ease ourselves carefully up to our saddles and with hearts full of appreciation of the wonders we have seen we turn our faces to the majestic beauty of a tropical sunset, and home.

—HOWARD T. WALKER, 5-B.

GLIMPSES OF SOUTHERN PORTS

Last Easter I enjoyed a cruise to the West Indies—Haiti and Jamaica—the northern coast of Colombia in South America and the Canal Zone. Though not an extended tour, the trip gave me certain definite impressions of Latin-American ports and of tropical islands.

* * *

Haiti! In the language of the French Negroes of the island the name means "Beautiful Mountains." A range of purplish-blue hills, rising almost sheer from the Caribbean to heights of five thousand and nine thousand feet forms the backbone of this republic, the second largest in the West Indies group.

The capital, Port-au-Prince, stretched along a narrow strip of land between the mountains and Gulf of Gonave was founded in 1749. The public buildings are palatial and ornate. The city streets are either of pavement or of sun-dried clay, and wander up and down hill most bewilderingly.

The outdoor market covers two city blocks and is filled with many curiously interesting sights. Haïtiens are passionately fond of bartering and trade. Mar-

ket days are very important occasions in the life of a Haïtien peasant. Old tin cans and broken bottles as well as many kinds of grain and fruit, are spread out on the ground to await customers. The people seem almost Oriental in their love of bargaining. When I admired a fat, round-eyed black baby, the mother tried to sell him to me for ten cents. She was really in earnest but as I had nowhere to put him, I refused the offer.

At Kenscoff, a small village high in the mountains, we had a magnificent view of Port-au-Prince and the surrounding countryside. Banana and coffee plantations covered the hillsides. The fresh young green of the sugar-cane fields, lying low beside the blue waters of the Gulf formed an unforgettable picture.

* * *

Jamaica! It was discovered by Columbus in 1492, and ever since, travellers have been discovering in it a beauty spot worthy of being called "The Garden of the West Indies." It is said that the other islands of the Antilles group are only imperfect copies of Jamaica.

Naturally much of the legend or folk-

lore of the island centres in pirates and buried gold. Port Royal, across the harbour from Kingston, Jamaica's capital, was the stronghold of such pirates as Morgan, Drake and Captain Kidd. It was known as the richest and wickedest city in the world, but in 1692, during an earthquake, it was swallowed by the sea. Sailors will tell you that on a clear day they can see, far down in the bright waters, the coral-covered ruins of the old city, and that in a storm they can hear the tolling of the old cathedral bell.

Not far from Kingston are the beautiful Hope Botanical Gardens where every variety of Latin-American flower and shrub is grown. There are long avenues lined with stately royal palms, pools where lilies and other water plants float serenely, groves of young bamboo, the yucca and the tiny sensitive plant whose leaves when touched, fold up tightly as if for protection. Then, too, hundreds of orchids of every species attract much attention from the visitors.

Spanish Town, the early capital, contains the Rodney Memorial and one of the oldest churches in the Western Hemisphere. The drive by the side of a short and tumbling river up the mountains to Bog Walk is delightful. Jamaica is the largest banana-producing country in the world and many of the plantations are in evidence.

* * *

Colombia, South America, where almost all the emeralds of the world are found! Puerto Colombia, shipping centre for Barranguilla was where our boat loaded thirty thousand bags of coffee—the coffee that is now rivalling the famed Brazilian brands for exportation to the United States. Here an army of Negro and Mulatto stevedores, singing work songs while performing their heavy tasks excites the interest of the onlooker.

Cartagena is a veritable history book—come alive! It is one of the oldest cities of South America and was the most important walled city of the New World in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The sea wall, forty feet thick, cost the Spanish King so much to build that he claimed it should have been visible from Spain.

Fort San Felipe, on a promontory across the bay, is in good repair although the fortifications are dismantled now. In the mighty wall, outside the fort, are dungeons in which prisoners used to be left to die when the tide should rise.

* * *

Panama, the cross-roads of the world! This republic has the curious distinction of being in both Central America and South America. Cristobal and Colon, twin cities on the Atlantic side of the isthmus, are apparently one but they lie in separate countries. Colon is the Spanish form of Columbus while Christobal is the Spanish form of the discoverer's first name. Balboa, in the Canal Zone, is named for the discoverer of the Pacific.

The shops of Cristobal and Colon are a souvenir-hunter's paradise. They are owned and operated by men of every nationality, French, German, Chinese, East Indian and American. French perfumes are sold cheaper here than in Paris.

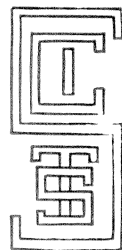
The huge locks of the Panama Canal are wonderful in their mechanism. While we were at the dam, "Old Ironsides" or the Constitution, a sailing ship of the time of the Civil War, came through the locks. The sight of this old-time ship in this modern canal brought out a vivid contrast—old sailing ships and modern methods of transportation, up-to-date cities and Old World ports, the activity and progress of the North and the more quiet charm of the Southlands.

—JEAN PHILLIPS, 4-A.

WORLD'S FAIR—THE PAGEANT OF A PLANET

In the months preceding the Spring of 1933, there sprang to life, like an ani-

mated jig-saw puzzle of living colour, a metropolis of entertainment, built partly



on three and one half miles of mainland and partly on a mile of man-built island—the World's Fair of 1933-4. During its two years of display, some 60,000,000 people passed through its gates. It was the entertainment creation of the century.

The night is the time to visit this fantastic city, to become one of its carefree citizens, for, at night, each building, its street, and each garden and corner becomes an individual aura of shimmering colour—colour that covers it and transforms it into a living jewel of light—a jewel on a blazing string of colour gems.

As we stand atop one of the sky-ride towers—the highest man-made structures west of the Mississippi—and look out at the star-strewn sky around us and the glittering panorama below us, all the voices of all the crowd rise up to our ears like a fog of sound, from the solid arteries of spectators below. Three hundred and seventy feet below us, the rocket cars move back and forth, plucked out of the blackness by purple searchlights. Made of aluminum, and named after the characters of the Amos 'n' Andy radio series, these cars offer a unique thrill to the chair-gripping occupants within. Two hundred and fifty feet below these cars, shimmers the cool lagoon that separates island and mainland, a black pool of coolness, across whose surface skim dragon-headed gondolas of pavement-wearied visitors. At its lower end, three vari-coloured fountains gleam in the darkness, like huge gems of living water ceaselessly changing colour. At the upper end, a solid mountain of spray—a city block in length, too, changes its colouring tirelessly. Almost directly below us, the mightiest building of all stands—the Hall of Science, covering something over eight acres. Its walls are orange and silver, with a scarlet and blue tower to pierce the night. Within its walls are two stories—containing a total of seven sciences—mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, geology, and medicine. In no other portion of the Fair is

the progress of this century so forcefully brought home. If you are mathematically minded—you may here see a device which utilizes a photo-electric cell to perform calculations in a few hours which would ordinarily take a hundred years if worked out with pen and paper; Physics reveals the secrets of light and sound; the science of life is illustrated by an eight foot model of a tree twig, showing you a growth of one year in seventy-five seconds; Geology is epitomized by "The Clock of the Ages," ticking off 200,000,000 years of the earth's life, and illustrating the changes in life, as it aged; Medicine gives us the Transparent Man, showing the structure of a human, and shows us hosts of germs rending one another apart, within a drop of drinking water, magnified many times upon screen—and on and on, the procession of wonders is endless!

Across the lagoon, squats the Adler Planetarium, in which you may sit, open-mouthed, and watch the starry constellations of the sky, projected upon the dome above you—as they are now, as they were in the days of Genghis Khan, as they will be in a thousand years.

Nearby, the domed and pillared Court of States stands upon the water-shore, housing the varied displays of the Union. Nearby curves the scarlet Electrical Building with its balconies of chrome and walls of orange and black, revealing personifications of giant natural forces. Everything electrical, and known to the mind of man, can be found here—a surgeon's lamp, no larger than a gain of wheat, a high frequency furnace that melts a knife blade, but leaves uninjured the hand that holds the blade, neon lighting and the largest diorama in the world—ninety feet in length—showing the supplying of our cities with electric power.

Close to the foot of our tower stands the Golden Temple of Jehol—shipped from China in 28,000 different pieces, and assembled in Chicago. Its ox-blood pillars and shingles of pure gold leaf are splashes of brilliance in the night-time.

Within, golden idols sit, amid priests, prayer-wheels, purple incense-smoke and sacred sacrificial objects.

A close neighbour, the beautiful Firestone building shows us the making of the modern automobile tire. Besides the Firestone exhibit, scattered throughout the Fair are industrial displays of Oil, Graphic Arts, Jewelry, Textiles and others. The great Havoline Thermometer, two hundred feet high, accurately tells the temperature. In a tropical garden, prehistoric monsters again live, thanks to the capitol of Sinclair Motors and to the ingenuity of modern machinery.

Far off in the lake of light, is a striking contrast. A Maya Temple, in green and blue and yellow, stands side by side with the silver and scarlet General Motors building, with its glass-enclosed display rooms, and its proving ground, under the supervision of Barney Oldfield. Nearby loom the purple Chrysler Motor pylons, enclosing a similar display, plus an immense room where one may witness motor cars in the making, twice each day.

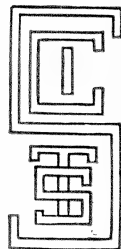
The Travel and Transport Building is the only structure in the World with a "Breathing roof." This roof is slung from a circle of upright supports, thus affording an unbroken floor, and can contract and expand so as to maintain a perfect temperature within the building. Beneath it, are housed all manner of vehicles, among which are the Royal Scot and the private train of the President of Mexico.

Foreign lands have not been neglected. Sprinkled throughout the Fair are displays from Italy, Britain, Mexico, Denmark, Norway, China and Japan—with some priceless treasures in carvings and pottery—Czecho-Slovakia, Sweden, Morocco, Egypt, Spain and Costa Rica—.

Above us a zeppelin swims by. Off in the sky, the lights of an airplane sail through the darkness. Below us the roar increases, shouts and laughter become more frequent, the crowds swell and move, now slowly, even though the hearts and pulses of these crowds quicken in their pace.

—JOHN DANNER, COLL. 5-A.





◀
Circulation—
Discouraging
▶



◀
Weather—
Disgusting
▶

May (or May Not) 42nd

Cost—Staggering

THE VOICE OF INEXPERIENCE

Dear Inexperience—

I have a great deal of trouble with my little brother, who insists on disturbing me when I have callers. I usually have to bribe him with a nickel so that he will leave us alone. What shall I do?

* * * —Myrtle.

Dear Myrtle—

The best thing to do, my dear, is either to go out walking and lock little brother in, or chloroform him (little brother).

FASHION SLIP

The very latest in smart spring millinery is a "chapeau," turned up in front and down in back, boat-shaped, with a bunch of cigarettes poking pertly forward from the beak type brim.

Have You Heard?

There is a Mac — in 5-A who is especially fond of Sunday night square dances?

* * *

Sarah Timberly is looking for a human body? Is it murder or what?

* * *

Gus Lott felt sick one day in Chemistry Class? Later it was discovered that a test-tube of calcium carbonate had disappeared from Mr. Lott's desk.

* * *

Tolmie learned to dance a week before the "At Home"?

* * *

Mondoux has a new nickname, id, est, "Finger Bowl"?

* * *

Miss Burriss has assumed the position of traffic cop? In assembly each morning she reserves seats for her own form.

How to say "hello" in Eskimo: "Hello, in Eskimo."

Simple lessons in the alphabet: First lesson—"A."

S. C. I. Student Found Dead Before Locker; Face Terribly Contorted; Cause Unknown

(Special to Dustpan)

Sarnia, April ??—An S. C. I. Student was found dead this morning just before nine o'clock. The prostrate body was discovered by a janitress who was cleaning up the mud brought in by hundreds of students bent on learning readin', ritin', and 'rithmetic.

The anguished face of the corpse was a terrible sight to behold. The eyes were blank (not unusual in some supposedly live S. C. I. students) and the mouth was cruelly twisted in a satirical grimace.

In the unfortunate one's right hand was clutched a small round gadget, on the face of which were marked some small white numbers, arranged clockwise. In the centre of this round object was a knob which moved either right or left. Inspector Snoop, who is investigating the case called it a combina-

tion lock. Several pupils, having adjacent lockers to the dead student said that he had been having difficulty with the combination for some time—especially when he was in a hurry to get to the Assembly Hall. Recently he had shown signs of increasing anger while trying to get into the locker but they attributed it to nerves or something.

The straw that broke the camel's back, so to speak, occurred this fatal morning, and the eminent Doctor Pill who was called in to determine the cause of the death, said that it was due to over exertion, too much homework, apoplexy and several other things, too numerous to mention. The **bored** of Education has been petitioned to provide some new means of gaining access to the lockers or the student body will all die off.

Extra! Extra!

INTERESTING DISCOVERY MADE

Many have been the inquiries concerning Mr. Fielding's overcoat. Our star reporter in an interview with Mr. Fielding was told that one day our esteemed French Professor had jangled nerves and someone gave him a "Camel."

LOST OR FOUND

FOUND—Janet Springstead's voice. Owner may have same by paying for pin.

LOST—The Gossip Editors' senses of humour. Liberal reward if returned.

FOUND—Mr. Adie's collar by a certain barber in town.

LOST—Miss Walker's temper. All hope of recovery has been given up.

TODAY'S WORST STORY

Did you ever hear of the Scotchman who fell in love with a half-wit because he thought she was 50% off?

POLICE COURT

Two young ladies in 4-A are taking action against Mr. Andrews and Mr. Southcombe for sabotage. They were found guiltily piecing together a note salvaged from the wastepaper basket of Room 207. The Messrs. Andrews and Southcombe pleaded not guilty to the charge. The case will come up next Saturday so that we will not be denied the pleasure of these gentlemen's classes.

Two young ladies in 4-A were given the third degree in Room 304 by the venerable Astrologist—Mr. Ora Dennis. The accused pleaded not guilty to carrying away six full uncorked ink bottles from the aforesaid's room. Mr. Dennis is said to have used very hard methods in trying to incriminate the two damsels. They in return are laying a charge of assault and battery. This case will immediately succeed the above case. Reserved seats can be obtained from Mr. Billingsley.



THINGS WE CAN'T DO WITHOUT AROUND THE SCHOOL—

Tom—the head janitor.
Football.
Mr. Mendizabal's speeches in Assembly.
Jean Brown's giggle.
Eddie Mercurio's sleepiness.
Puppy love—as seen around the halls.
Exams.
The Kirk twins.
Mr. Dent's three pairs of glasses.
The School Orchestra.
Isabel Dennis's cheerfulness.
Abie's joking.
The front steps.
Detentions.
Mr. Fielding's S.
Miss Cruickshank's wise cracks.
Mr. Dennis' blushing.
Miss Burriess' rugby helmet.
Mr. Dent's cough (?) candies.
Miss Walker's wardrobe.
Mr. Southcombe's ice cream suit.

COME AGAIN, MRS. WHO??

Professor's speech shows need of education.

Miss Eleanor Southcombe had the misfortune to fall down the steps and hurt her back and otherwise.

That's modern youth all over—quick to catch on.—(Headline in a newspaper): "Youth Killed, Dies."

Mr. Tom Katz, who now comes forward to offer his blood for transfusions, is a city fireman who has sacrificed his life many times to help others.

The Chipping Sadbury Dance Club is recommending its Sunday evening dances on next Saturday.

Jake Wenstrum, popular proprietor of the — Theatre is having his show house completely renovated. He hopes it will be more comfortable for the patrons with plush seats.

His head was crushed in the accident and it had to be amputated. This prevented him from following his former occupation.

OBSERVATIONS

One is led to believe (a steal from Miss Walsh) that the rising young songster of the S. C. I. who at present acts as doorman in the gallery, really enjoys sitting surrounded by girls with nary a boy in sight. Fess up, Webb.

On passing 316, we accidentally crashed a party, being held therein. Eight girls were partaking of an apple.

Abie Rosen, heaven's gift to

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT—

McDermid has hopes of becoming acquainted with a judge and not by committing a crime?
P.S.—Any judge in any town won't do.

Izzy Dennis likes twins? She's changed from the M. twins to the K. twins.

Someone had a finger in the pie at the Rugby banquet at the Blue Water Inn?

There is a future bus magnate in 4-B?

Tolmie visits the Windsor Hotel and yet he doesn't touch a drop?

Howard Walker has a long walk? He should move to Sarnia.

Katherine's face was red when she handed Mr. Asbury the empty cup? The debating club says so.

The Latins had a sense of romance although Hardick failed to click as to what Horace meant by "he cast his arms around her shining neck"?

Mr. Andrews and Clara Kerr are considering joining the debating club?

The medical room is kept locked now? What will the delicate (?) young misses do now?

Gord. Perry puts Lux soap flakes in his bath water to keep him from shrinking?

"Wimpy" Taylor and Jack Kirk are in their second childhood? The rest of us can't attend the afternoon matinees for ten cents.

Mr. Andrews dropped a perpendicular on his big toe and the painful injury caused him to describe a complete circle?

the poor, tired female students, is an up and coming commercial artist.

Miss McRoberts, part owner of the school library, was heard to remark that that room was the only quiet one in the school. She believes in miracles.

It's nice to be twins, isn't it, Jack and Bill, especially in the case of detentions. We wonder what Mr. Asbury would think.

SPEECH

By Head of Maths.

Herlock Sholmes, alias Mr. Andrews, the great detective of Scotland backyard, with the aid of several bloodhounds and a mysterious student, Mr. X. Y. by name, have after much investigation solved the mystery of the "Missing Ambition" of Middle and Upper Schools.

Mr. Andrews, "The Voice of Experience," opened his daily disclosure (alliteration) with the key to the mystery—"Rugby, Calf Love and School Work Don't Mix." At this there was a slight disturbance at the right-hand corner of the room, which was quickly suppressed by Mr. Andrews' "eagle eye" and the shouts of—"Laughter from the cheap seats"—in chorus (coarse) from the rest of the class.

The "Great Defective" continued placidly with his discourse. He told, with vivid description and concrete examples, about the furtive meetings of the "Calf-Lovers", mooing at each other in the dark recesses of the halls. Some of the students were about to refute this statement but they couldn't get a word in edgewise.

No names were mentioned but if looks could kill Mr. Andrews would indeed be a murderer of those many innocent victims upon whom he cast his adoring eyes.

One thing that made the reporter think that he had grounds upon which to make these rash statements was the surprising fact that Clara Kerr did not argue with him about it.

He is continuing his investigation in research work with his colleague Mr. Southcombe. The topic of the next lecture will be the question of "Is There Anything You See That You Don't See?"

Stella Logan blushed during the rehearsing of "Little Women," upon reading the line, "Come kiss me, baby."

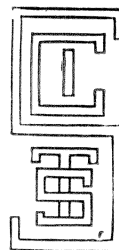
In spring the students' fancy lightly turns to some ways of skipping school.

Sally Lewis arrived three minutes too early one morning and went back home to drink the rest of her coffee.

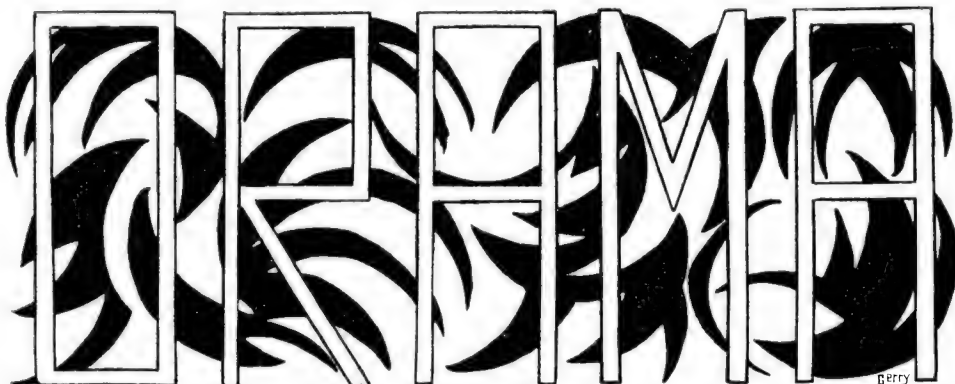
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This condition can be completely cured by our famous Onion Treatment. We guarantee to make you strong or your money back.

DR. HAL E. TOSIS
Phone—Garlic 8-2 Much



NAME	ALIAS	AGE	AMBITION	ULTIMATE FATE	CHIEF WEAKNESS
Abraham Lampel	"Abbie"	Learning	Literature Teacher	Radio Comedian	Dark Roads
Wilbert Perry	"Web"	Doubtful	Crooner	Bath-tub Singer	Permanents
Lillian Hall	"Lil"	Mature	Hostess	The Greeks had a word for it	Parties
Roger Anderson	"Andy"	"Flaming"	M. A.	Soda Jerker	Blushing
Veronica Lang	"Vicky"	Ask me no questions	Same	Same	Bill
William Hutchinson	"Bill"	Almost old enough to vote	Same	Same	Veronica
Doris Brown	"Dori"	Well—	Algebra Teacher	Die of Boredom	Talking
Edward Mercurlo	"Biddle"	1-10	Mattress Tester	Die of Sleeping Sickness	Sleep
Mildred Capps	"Mid"	Experienced	Very Private Secretary	Scrub Woman	Excused Notes
John Kennedy	"Jack"	Very Old	Little Jack Little	Basket Maker	Wintergreen
Jean Brown	"Brownny"	Cute	History	Laugh to Death	Black, Curly Hair
James Greason	"Jimmy"	Bashful	Biologist	Orchestra Tooter	Bugs, Plants, Experiments
Arene Holloway	"Arene"	Ageless	Marriage	Old Women's Home	Sophistication
John Danner	"King Kong"	Stone Age	Penmanship Teacher	Frankenstein	Writing
Corinne Mara	"Connie"	Omitted by request	None	Ballet Dancer	St. Thomas
Arnold McWatters	"Arnie"	Innocent	Football Captain	Water Boy	Girls
Sarah Lewis	"Sally"	Aging	To arrive on time	Wedding Ring	Sarah Harriet Adeline
Robert Ishister	"Issy"	Who knows	Primo Carnera II	It's hard to say	Olga
Katherine Taylor	"Kay"	Infantile	To Grow	Circus Midget	Del's Bar-B-Q



*"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."*

THE DRAMA CLUB

Last year, several interested students got together to form a Drama Club in the school. The purpose of this group was to produce a three-act play in the school to encourage drama among the pupils. The presentation of A. A. Milne's delightful comedy, "Mr. Pim Passes By" proved to be such a success that it captured the trophy presented annually by the Sarnia Drama League for the best amateur performance in the district.

After this production, the club held regular meetings in the homes of the dif-

ferent members. Plays of varied types were discussed from both literary and technical standpoint. Miss Welman gave lectures on different forms of drama and the meetings proved very interesting.

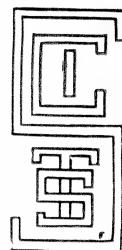
Several meetings have been held this year to read plays for the annual production and the final selection was "Little Women." The Club plans further meetings to carry out a schedule for the remaining part of the year and commence reading plays for the next production.

THE LITTLE THEATRE OF TODAY

The part played by the Little Theatre in small communities is becoming increasingly important. The stage has become again, as it was of old, a mouthpiece for the emotions and problems of the people. The players in these little groups, chosen from all walks of life, find deep satisfaction in these new associations. In sinking their own personalities into the characters they wish to interpret they find that life itself is deepened and enriched; in working over the questions set and answered by the greater dramatists, the problems of their own lives are illuminated and clarified.

Of the Little Theatres in the industrial towns of England, J. B. Priestley has

written: "These theatres are attracting to themselves the more eager, impressionable, intelligent younger people in these industrial towns, where depression has hung like a black cloud for the last few years. Some of them in various places have told me what this dramatic work has meant to them, and in many instances the persons in question have not been producing, designing scenery, playing big parts, but may only have been selling programmes, taking tickets, or doing accounts. A dozen such folk, who use their own wits and form their own judgment, are more significant than a thousand members of that crowd which is at the mercy of all the forces of publicity and



advertisement. These theatres are very small and have to fight for their very existence, but the more I have seen of industrial England, the more firmly am I convinced that it would be easier to under-estimate than to over-estimate their significance. I see them as little camp-fires twinkling in a great darkness . . . The point is, that in communities that have suffered most from industrial depression, among younger people who frequently cannot see what is to become of their jobs or their lives, these theatres have opened little windows into a world of ideas, colour, fine movement, exquisite drama; have kept going a stir of thought and imagination for actors, help-

ers, audiences, have acted as outposts for the army of citizens of tomorrow, demanding to live, though they should possibly have less food on their tables and shabbier clothes on their backs, a life at once more ardent and imaginative and more thoughtful than their fathers and mothers ever knew."

It is obvious from this account, which applies to industrial towns in Canada as well as in England, that the dream of that high priestess of the stage, Eva le Gallienne, is already being fulfilled: "The theatre should be an instrument for giving, not a machinery for getting!"

—MRS. R. K. STRATFORD.



CAST OF PLAY "LITTLE WOMEN"

Stella Logan, W. Perry, E. Lucas, Gertrude Duffield, Eleanor Southcombe, Lois Myers, Dorothea Durrant, K. Cooke, D. Hunt, Blanche Finch, Donald McFarlane, Audrey Macmillan.

On February 15 and 16, the annual production of the Drama Club was given. This year, a dramatization by Marian De Forest of Louisa Alcott's famous book, "Little Women" was produced, and proved to be most successful. The play was well cast and the settings were exceptionally good, especially that of the first set—the sitting room of the March home in Massachusetts. The role of "Jo" was most excellently portrayed by Lois Myers who acted the part in a vivid and charming manner and the play ran smoothly throughout the whole performance. The cast, Miss Welman, and all those who helped to make the production the great

success it was, are to be complimented on their splendid effort.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

"Jo"	Lois Myers
Meg	Dorothea Durrant
Amy	Blanch Finch
Beth	Gertrude Duffield
Aunt March	Audrey MacMillan
Mrs. March	Stella Logan
Mr. March	Wilbert Perry
Mr. Lawrence	Eldon Lucas
Laurie	Donald MacFarlane
Prof. Friedrich Bhaer	D'Arcy Hunt
John Brooke	Kenneth Cooke
Hannah Mullett	Eleanor Southcombe

RETROSPECT

The glowing ball of the sun was sinking into the west amid a gorgeous display of colour. From the window of a garret in an old house in Coventry, England, a beautiful little child watched this magnificent spectacle of glorious sunset. As the sun disappeared, Imagination carried her thoughts away to fairyland. She saw Oberon the King of the Elves and Titania the Queen of the Fairies tripping through the forest. Then appeared Puck from over the hill with his little troop of sylphs. There before her she saw the splendour of the court of Fairyland.

These were the thoughts of pretty little Ellen Terry who had been left alone while her mother, father and sister were at the theatre where they were participating in a presentation of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Little did it matter to her whether she was left at home, for she had her delightful childish imagination to amuse her. True, these opportunities to use her vivid imagination enabled Ellen in later years to understand the Shakespearian roles which she portrayed so beautifully. Sometimes she would picture in her mind's eye that she was on the stage with her father acting the parts which she so often heard him reading from his manuscripts. When her father was at home in the evenings, he would train her young voice and teach her the rudiments of elocution. She learned to articulate each word carefully and to speak the language perfectly. From amidst this atmosphere emerged one of the greatest actresses of all time.

Little Ellen made her debut in Shakespeare's "A Winter's Tale" in the part of Mamilius the forsaken child. Even at this stage, she is described as having interpreted the role in a vivacious and precocious manner. This performance played for one hundred and two nights and in it she developed a great part of her talent. A very amusing incident is told when she was acting in the part of Puck

in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Just as she was appearing through the trap door of the stage to recite the pretty conclusion to this play, the stage manager closed the door too quickly, catching her toe. She uttered a scream and was about to break down, but being encouraged by the directress, Mrs. Kean, in that her salary would be doubled if she would continue, little Ellen spoke in this fashion.

"If we shadows have offended (Oh Sister Katie, Oh Katie!)

Think but this and all is mended (Oh, my toe!)

That you have but slumbered here,

While these visions did appear (I can't, I can't)

And this weak and idle theme,

No more yielding than a dream (Oh dear! Oh dear!)

Gentles do not reprehend (a big sob)

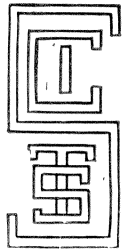
If you pardon we will mend (Oh Mrs. Kean)

Later, Miss Terry was cast for the role of Prince Arthur in Shakespeare's "King John." Up until this time, the child had loved the acting but not the labour associated with it. It was at this point that she realized she must work if she was to be an actress. Perseverance, untiring effort and industry were the main attributes of her mighty success. She learned to love the work as well as the acting and her greatest desire was to make herself worthy of the roles she was trying to interpret. Later in life she became one of the greatest actresses the world has ever known. It would be impossible to relate here the whole story of her colorful life but these few instances of her stage career as a child readily show us the great lady she was to be.

"The setting sun and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest
last,

Writ in remembrance more than things
long past."

—FRED B. RAINSBERRY.



AN OVERSEAS REUNION

Characters: Stanley Blair; Gus Black; a Cockney Private; a Good-Natured Sergeant; Numerous Privates.

SCENE 1.—A small French village near Mons behind the front line trenches. A detachment of Canadian soldiers are billeted in a large barn waiting for orders to advance. The time is August, 1918. Several soldiers are seen opening their mail.

Cockney Private (sprawled on a litter of hay): "Well, fill my sails, Blimey, if it ain't a note from my old boss, J. P. Easton, way back in Edmonton. He encloses a saw-buck for fags and a drop, so 'e puts it"

Sergeant: "That's great of the old man Easton to provide a treat for you and me. How about us running down to the "Merry Souls" for a mug of ale? You know I wouldn't go in there with anyone else but you. It would be beneath my dignity."

Another Soldier (holding out a bucket of water): "All right Sarge! Do your drinking right here and there's lots more out in the well." (Much laughter as the Sergeant upsets the bucket on his own bed).

Sergeant: "My turn will come and I'll do the laughing." (goes out muttering with flushed face).

Black (leaning over Stan Blair's shoulder and quickly grasping a sheet of a letter Blair is reading) (with a mocking laugh): "Gather around boys, little Stanley has received a heart-rending epistle from his little girl, way, way, back in Alberta." (moving backwards away from Stan): "Soak this in, 'Elmer Johnson called last night but I flatly refused to go out with him. Oh darling! When will this dreadful war be over? What if I ever lost you'."

Stan (slightly surprised, rising and approaching Black): "Give me that Black, before I lose my temper completely."

Black (sarcastically laughing, pushing Stan aside): "Here, here, schoolboy, your girl wouldn't like you to lose your temper

and hear about you laid out on the ground, dreaming of green meadows and babbling brooks." (Stan lunges at Black and a scuffle ensues).

Curtain

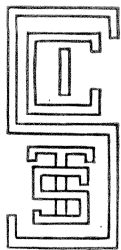
SCENE 2.—(The same barn—the time is the following morning. All the soldiers are out. Stan Blair, alone at one side of the barn, sits. He is reading the same letter from home).

Stan (slowly reading) "My older brother, whom you never saw, is reported to have joined the army. Or at least he was drafted against his will. Of course I have often told you that he left home while we lived in Winnipeg, because he was wrongly accused of theft of some stock certificates. Recently the real thief confessed but my brother is entirely unaware of this. We never knew where Reg went after he left home but recently a friend in Winnipeg told us that he saw Reg at a recruiting station there. Whether he still retains his own name, I am not sure, so, dear if you hear anything of him it would greatly relieve mother and I if you would again put him at ease." "Well there's not much chance of my finding a fellow I never saw before, especially when there's a couple of hundred thousand soldiers running around all decked out in brown." (three or four soldiers come in).

Cockney Private—"Stan, as I live and breathe, I never saw such a 'aymaker to the solar-plexus, Nosey Gus folded up just like a soused loo-tenant, the only difference is 'e fell a bit more gracefully before 'e 'it the floor."

Sergeant: "Well it's a good thing that rumpus didn't last long or I would have had to turn you scrappers in for disorderly conduct. If 'Old Eagle Eyes' learns of this her's sure to drag me on the carpet. He's dead against dissention in the ranks."

Another Private: "Well we'll all have plenty of chance to scrap according to the bulletin outside. We go up tomorrow at noon."



Cockney Private: "Blimey, I better run out for my fags before we pull out. 'Ave you any letters, Stan, I'm going past the post-office?"

Stan: "Thanks, but I'll be going that way myself." (he goes out by the right).

Curtain

SCENE 3.—(The front line trench of the Canadian forces is at the right. Norman's land is to the left of the trench. Sandbags, guns, and barbed wire are strewn about the trench. Firing can be heard coming from the distant enemy trenches. The time is one month later. A wounded soldier lies to the right of the trench. A few soldiers are in the Canadian trench).

Cockney Private: "They took us this time, but we'll be back."

Sergeant: "Let's retreat now, there's only the three of us left."

Stan: "They practically wiped out our platoon. Look! A fellow out there! He moved! I'll be back in a minute." (He crawls out and after a slow struggle reaches the form). Great Scot, it's Gus Black. He's pretty well shot up but I'll have to get him back to the trench. (he starts back).

Curtain

SCENE 4.—(The billet barn of the Canadian forces. Several soldiers, mostly bandaged, are grouped together. They have returned from the front).

Gus Black: (half-heartedly) "That's just about enough for me. If this slaughter doesn't end soon, I'll never see Canada again. If it hadn't of been for some reckless soldier, I'd be under the poppies by now. None of you fellows know who carried me back to you?"

A Private: "You'd be surprised."

Sergeant: "It was merely your old friend and aggressor, Mr. Stanley Blair."

Another Private: (jokingly) "He's the one that saved the villain."

Black: (seriously) "Without a doubt Blair is white clean through and yet I bulled him like a school-boy." (Stan enters

and joins the soldiers).

Gus: "Stan, I wan't to apologize to you. I can't thank you half enough for what you did. Will you shake?" (holding out his hand).

Stan: (surprised, grinning) "Why sure Gus, everything in the past is forgotten." (Several soldiers start to play cards in a corner).

Curtain

SCENE 5.—(Railway station in Winnipeg troop train bearing returned soldiers has just come to a stop. Scores of soldiers are renewing acquaintances with friends and relations. Armistice has been signed).

(Stan, Gus and other soldiers enter waiting room).

Stan: (eagerly) "My girl friend told me she would meet me at the station. She decided to come to the city and meet me instead of waiting up in the village."

Gus: "Well fellow, I'm sorry to leave you. I want you to understand we part the best of friends."

Stan: "Sure, but I'll be seeing you often." (pointing) "Look, there is Marie. Boy, it's great to see her again. Wait a minute, Gus, I want you to meet her."

Gus: (flustered) "Well, 'er I better—" (Marie running up, embraces Stan).

Stan: "Marie, I want you to meet—"

Marie: (running towards Gus) "Why, we've met before." (embraces Gus) "Oh, Reg, to think that you know Stan."

Stan: (astonished) "What! Is Gus your brother? Gus, do you know Marie?"

Gus: (flushing sheepishly) "Yes, Marie is my sister."

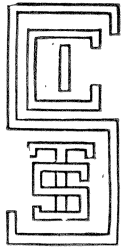
Stan: "Don't blush, Reg, and drop that alias, son, you are a clear man in the eyes of the law."

Marie: "At last we are all united. Let's take the first train for home." (they join hands and happily move off).

Curtain

THE END.

—GORDON BOODY, 4-A.



ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD

CHARACTERS

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Lady Cecilia | 6. Second Maid |
| 2. Priscilla | 7. Marie |
| 3. The Duke of Cumberland | 8. Servants |
| 4. Prince Rupert | 9. Orlando (equerry) |
| 5. First Maid | |

ACT I. SCENE 1.

(The scene opens in the low rambling kitchen of the Duke of Cumberland's Castle. There are many large windows which overlook the angry tossing North Sea. The kitchen is full of the savoury smell of food being prepared for the approaching feast. Meanwhile the hunters are out on the hunt and on their return there is to be a feast followed by a ball. The Duke has invited his friends and the nobility to visit his castle for the weekend. He is hoping Prince Rupert, the guest of honour, may be charmed by his pretty spoiled niece, the Lady Cecilia. Lamps which hang from the low-raftered ceiling cast a pleasant glow over the servants who are working. All of them are discussing the coming events.

Time: A winter's evening about 5.15 o'clock.

First Maid: (while making tarts) "Is the poor Lady Priscilla to be invited to the ball, Marie? You must hear a few things while you are waiting on the Lady Cecilia."

Marie: "Well, betwixt you and me, I think that Lady Cecilia invited her cousin Priscilla, knowing that she did not have a suitable ball gown, and would find some excuse not to come."

The Rest of the Servants: "Oh! so the poor Lady Priscilla was made to give up all her belongings to her greedy cousin. At the Inn, last night I heard it was because of her quarrel with her uncle the Duke, who gives Cecilia everything and Priscilla nothing."

Marie: "Well, 'Tis no time for idle gossip. We must hurry if the fowl and the rest of the food will be ready in time. When are hunters returning?"

Second Maid: "I suppose around dusk

—when they can't see the game any longer. Hush! be quiet—" (At this moment Lady Cecilia sweeps through the door on the right, making sure that her flowing skirts do not touch the floor. At once the noise ceases and after tasting some of the pastries and rebuking the servants for gossiping, she rustles out. The servants resume their tasks and soon hear the distant sound of the horn, followed by the galloping of horses and the baying of hounds. The head-cooks hurry to the tables to see that everything is on and in its right place. The curtain falls on the First Scene while the cooks are looking over the tables, and we hear the hunters entering the castle and going to dress for the feast).

The Curtain falls on Scene 1.

SCENE 2.—(Lady Cecilia is dressing for the evening. She is speaking to Marie who is helping her dress. They are in Lady Cecilia's boudoir).

Cecilia: (crossly) "You never can trust the servants to obey your wishes! Even when I went down this afternoon to inspect the kitchen, there were some wenches gossiping about the feast and the ball."

Marie: (in a meek tone) "Yes, m'lady. I was down there for a while to help them."

Cecilia: "Has my dress come?"

Marie: "Yes, m'lady. I am sure 'twill be the finest dress at the ball."

Cecilia: "We are having a Masquerade Ball, you know."

Cecilia: "You have done very well, Marie." (Here the Duke enters). "I will not need you any longer." (Exit Marie).

The Duke: "A very good servant, my dear" (as he sees Marie going out).

Cecilia: "Yes, she is. Well, is all the entertainment arranged?"

The Duke: "Yes, I have engaged the services of a party of wandering minstrels. You look beautiful. You know you must be at your best to-night for Prince Rupert is coming and we must please him." (With a little laugh "You understand, Ha—ha—")

Cecilia: "Perfectly, my dear uncle. By the way, have you heard what he is to be dressed like?"

The Duke: (in a whisper) "Now this is very private, but I know for certain that he is to be Sir Lancelot."

Cecilia: (haughtily) "Priscilla declined my invitation, saying that she did not have a dress. I know that the servants like her very much and thinking there might be trouble I very kindly sent her one of my last year's costumes."

The Duke: "That was very thoughtful of you. She really does not deserve all the kindnesses we give her."

Cecilia: "I am ready now, so we will go down." (Cecilia goes out and down the wide steps, accompanied by her uncle. When they arrive at the Banquet Hall most of the people are there, but they have not changed into their costumes yet. Cecilia sees Prince Rupert. There is great excitement and everyone is talking).

The Duke: (standing up and speaking out loudly) "I propose a toast to the health of our beloved Prince Rupert." (They all rise and drink heartily to the health of the Prince. He replies with a short speech, thanking their host. They resume their places and the banquet starts. After the feast the guests leave to change into their costumes for the ball).

The Curtain falls on Scene 2.

SCENE 3—(Takes place in the Ball Room).—The minstrels have begun to play and the jugglers are flashing up and down their brightly coloured balls. Some of the ladies are dressed as Gypsies, Flower-girls, Nymphs, Fairies and Dancing Girls. The men represent Robbers, Pirates, Knights and others. Cecilia spies Sir Lancelot and threads her way over to him and begins a conversation. She has very little disguise on and everyone

can tell who she is.

Cecilia: (pretending she does not know who he is) "I am sure that we have met before, gallant Sir Lancelot. Wasn't it at Lady Fairfield's party? You were dressed like you are now."

Sir Lancelot: (hesitantly) "Oh, yes—we probably have met. How do you like my costume?"

Cecilia: "It is very handsome and just made for you." (Watching the dancers) "Who is that shepherd who is paying so much attention to my cousin Priscilla?"

Sir Lancelot: "That is my worthy equerry, Orlando."

Cecilia: "Oh, well, it doesn't matter. I am glad that Priscilla has found someone to talk to." (The dance goes on. The dancers change partners and all make merry. Cecilia has managed to be with Sir Lancelot again. As the end of the dancing draws near a bugle is sounded to tell the merry-makers that they must remove their masks. The lights go out for a second and the masks are removed. Instead of Prince Rupert dancing with Cecilia it is the equerry, Orlando, who was disguised as Sir Lancelot. The Prince is with Priscilla. He was the Shepherd. Cecilia gasps, then becomes bewildered.)

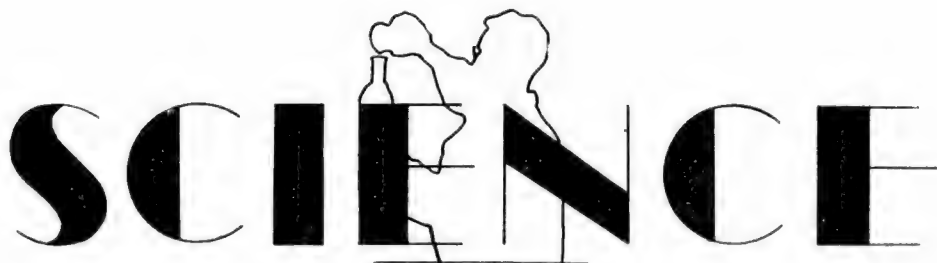
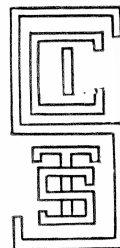
Prince Rupert: "Whenever I go where I am known I am treated royally; to-night I wanted to be as an ordinary man and to be treated for myself. I changed costumes with my faithful Orlando. For once I am glad that I am a Prince for I have found my Princess." (Presenting Priscilla, who blushes happily).

Cecilia: (aside to the Duke who has approached rather flustered) "So, you knew for a fact, he was to be Sir Lancelot. And you wanted me to be my best."

The Duke: (in a low voice) "At least he will be your cousin and will be in our family."

Cecilia: (goes to Prince Rupert) "I knew all the time that you were the handsome shepherd. And to you Priscilla (embracing her) I wish you much happiness."

(The Curtain Falls)



Science is the highway along which all humanity walks.

THE HISTORY OF THE AUTOMOBILE

PERHAPS there are some, especially of the younger generation, who are under the impression that the automobile dates back to only twenty-five or thirty years ago. This is not so, for the dates of the earliest self-propelled vehicles go back many years before that. There has been, however, very little history of these automobiles recorded and so it is difficult to get definite information regarding them. A few of the names and dates of the men who aided in the progress of the motor car can be given.

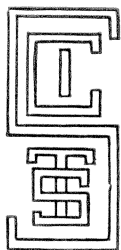
The credit for the first automobile, if it could be given that name, is given to a Frenchman named Cugnot, who, in 1771 built a three-wheeled chariot which was propelled by a crude steam engine and driven from its single front wheel. It could attain the speed of two and one half-miles per hour, but had to stop every hundred feet to get up steam. In the latter part of the eighteenth century a number of these steam chariots were built by Cugnot and others, some of which met with success. Attempts were made in the early eighteen hundreds to put these steam chariots on the road in place of the stage coach, but they were not a success.

In 1862 a man named Austin built an auto which was also propelled by steam. It looked like the present-day horse-buggy would look if its shafts were removed. The engine was a two-cylinder model which was placed in the rear of the body with a direct drive to the rear

axle. It was steered by a tiller instead of a wheel as we now know it.

In about 1890 much experimenting was being done with the internal combustion engine which was at that time in its simplest form having one, or at the most two cylinders. In 1892 a man named Benz built a three-wheeled car named "Benz Velocipede." It was driven by one of these internal combustion engines which was placed in the rear of the auto. At the same time some experimenting was being done with electric cars. In 1896 Riker built a three-wheeled "bus" which was powered by an electric motor placed in the single rear wheel. Other electrics were made but they were not developed to any great extent. The steam engine also gave way to the internal combustion engines which has been practically the only source of power up to the present.

Previous to 1900 practically all the motors had been placed in the rear of the cars but the ever-present reluctance to break away from tradition brought the manufacturers to contrive a means of putting the engine in the front. The horse had pulled, not pushed its load and so the engine should do the same. The air-cooling principle is thought to be an innovation of aviation but almost as many of the early cars employed air-cooled motors as water-cooled. The self-starter is supposed to be a fairly recent invention but back in 1896 it appeared on Winton make of car. Standardization of parts,



which is having each part patterned so that similar parts may be obtained, also supposed to be modern, was introduced by R. E. Olds on his Oldsmobile in 1900. Even "knee action" is really a "ghost out of Martyrdom's past" for in 1899 a car appeared in Germany with it. Many things which we think of as being present-day inventions have appeared on cars years ago.

The chassis of the cars in general after 1900 began to be made in the form with which we are familiar. Of course, there were no closed-in car in 1900 but in 1910 some manufacturers began to produce them. The engines were now placed in the front end of the car, the tires were being made larger, and better, the steering tiller gave way to the wheel and practically everything was improved. The time between 1900 and 1912 was only an experimental age and cars were not sold to any great extent. The prejudice against a new and radical invention, its comparatively high original cost, and its unreliability all tended to retard the progress of the automobile industry. However, when people began to realize that the car would satisfy the growing demand for individual transportation, its adoption was rapid in Europe and America.

The war had a considerable influence on the automobile and its manufacturers. Wages and prices increased and many people were able to buy cars. Consequently there was an increase in produc-

tion. The war was a time of much improvement in industry as well as in armaments. Manufacturers could get machines which were much more accurate. A number of previous designs which had to be discarded for lack of accurate machines could now be put in production. In this way the automobile was improved. From the time of the war until now the automobile industry has increased rapidly. The cars have been improved yearly and more of them have been sold each year until now the world could not get along without them.

The only thing about the early cars that can be compared to the present-day models is the main principle. The remainder is a great contrast. There has been such a vast improvement that we think that the early cars are not worthy of the name. Streamlining seems to be taken as one of the great improvements of the car and we are wondering just how far it will be carried. No doubt the manufacturers are wondering how far they dare carry it.

It is difficult to say what the future auto will be like. The manufacturers have been considering a rear engine car but they were a little timid about putting it on the market for fear the public will not accept it. It is just possible that electric cars will revolutionize the automobile in the future but that remains to be seen.

—RAY KEMBER, T.4.

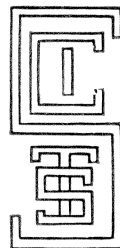
THE X-RAY

THE electric spark has long been a source of wonder and experiment to man and even yet much is unknown about it. It has, however, been of inestimable value in discovering the composition of matter and the structure of the atom.

Should a wire joining the two poles of a battery be cut in air, no current usually passes the gap unless it is extremely short, but in 1895 Röntgen, a German scientist, discovered that if the wires were sealed in a glass tube and the air exhausted from

it the spark became longer, wider and very highly coloured. When a new and very exact air pump was perfected by Crookes, a pump that could reduce the air pressure in a bulb to the millionth part of the atmosphere pressure a new phenomenon was observed in the tube.

The negative pole or cathode became the source of a radiation which shot out in straight lines and made the walls of the tube glow when it struck them. This emanation also possessed the power of



making some substances effloresce brilliantly and photographic plates, if exposed near the tube, became dark. If a small amount of gas was left in the tube the track of the radiation became a small luminous pencil. The velocity of the radiated particles was so great they could pass through a thin metallic plate in the tube.

The next question that arose concerned the nature of radiations. Were the emanations small particles or radiations such as light? This problem was solved by Prof. J. J. Thompson. He found that if two parallel metal plates, one positively, one negatively charged, were placed one on each side of the tube, that the radiations were attracted to the positively charged plate. This coupled with the fact that they emerged from the cathode or negatively charged terminal proved beyond a doubt that the radiations contained charges of negative electricity. Thompson next placed a delicate wheel fitted with vanes inside the tube. Using a concave cathode he focused the emanation on the vanes and saw that the wheel turned rapidly.

This proved beyond a doubt that the radiations were small negatively charged particles to which the name electron was given. These electrons were found to travel at a speed of about two thirds that of light. Their electric charge is so powerful that if two pin heads made of electrons were brought together they would repel each other with a force equal to the weight of the world. It was found that no matter what material made up the cathode or what gas filled the tube, electrons were always radiated indicating that electrons constitute a part of all matter.

Röntgen, after further experiment, discovered a much more important phenomenon pertaining to these electrons. He observed that when a hard metal target was placed in the path of the electrons and when the electron charge was raised causing them to move very rapidly, at the spot where they struck the target an extremely penetrating ray was produced. He concluded from this that part of the

energy of the cathode ray stream was converted into this ray, a ray which was so strange that he named it "X-ray." He also observed that a larger part of the energy was converted into heat which grew so intense that it sometimes melted tube and target. For that reason most modern x-ray bulbs are fitted with water cooling devices.

The x-rays were found to greatly resemble light except that they were not visible and had a wave length about one ten-thousandth as long as light. These rays were perceived to have very great powers of penetration, being able to affect a photographic plate covered with layers of opaque material and even to penetrate the human body. Their power of penetration depended upon the swiftness of the electrons in the cathode stream, and the nature of the target. A target of very high atomic weight produced the most penetrating rays.

The penetrating power of the x-rays makes them particularly useful for medical purposes. An x-ray tube used for medical purposes has a tungsten target and sends out very penetrating rays. Contrary to popular belief there is no visible effect produced by the x-rays but when a photographic plate is placed on the opposite side of a limb, hand or other part of the anatomy, to the source of the rays the plate is affected. When the rays penetrate the flesh the calcium and other heavy materials in the bones absorb the rays so much that a deep shadow is cast on the plate. The skin and other tissues allow most of the rays to penetrate and consequently the plate appears very light under them.

The value of the x-ray lies not entirely in its benefit to the medical world but also because it furnished the means whereby man could break down the atom and explore deeper and deeper into the composition of matter. Every day the scientist is increasing his knowledge of the universe around us and one of the most important contributions enabling him to do so is the x-ray. —J. C. C., 4-A.

CAN MAN CREATE MIND?

THE scene is a New Haven laboratory. The time—about two years ago. Our characters are a young, dark, serious-looking college youth, and a robot—a robot mounted upon wheeled carriage, and governed by electrical impulses—a robot almost human in its mode and degree of thinking! Scoff, as a casual observer might, the young scientist had created a creature of steel, tin and wires, that baffled the learned minds of the electrical and mechanical scientists from one end of the country to the other with its actions, in reply to certain stimuli. It caused its creator to be regarded as a miracle-man of science—and a miracle-man yet in his college youth at that! Let us watch this young man and his son of steel. See! There he is stroking the flat square cut head! The robot stands motionless upon its wheel, gleaming silently in the dim laboratory light. Now the young man steps back across the floor. Then—the miracle happens—the robot under its own electrical power—power released by the pleasurable stimulus of stroking its head, rolls up to the scientist; because its eye-cells tell it that the object connected with the patting is near, the scientist again strokes his mechanical offspring. It stands motionless, as if apparently enjoying the caresses. Amazing isn't it?

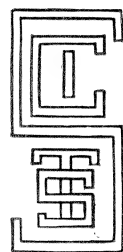
But more is to come! Now the young man changes his attitude, shouts and strikes the robot upon the head. In response the carriage moves—but this time it moves backward—away from its tormentor. Again the stimulus has acted upon the electric apparatus that forms the creature's brain—unfavorably this time, and in conjunction with the electric plates that are the robot's eyes, the brain has again caused the carriage to move—this time so that the image of the young man upon its plate-eyes will grow smaller instead of larger—that is, backwards.

But, ah! Now the carriage is rolled up to a table upon the edge of which re-

poses a bowl of spinach. Now the robot is again petted and stroked. Being thus cajoled into good humour, the robot proceeds to eat the spinach. Now come a sharp rap upon the steely head. All eating stops. The robot is once more in bad humour. The carriage moves back from the table. Just an example of what this young wizard has done. Unbelievable at first glance, it can be explained by the different electrical stimuli produced by surrounding conditions upon the robot's "brain." These effects act upon the electric motors controlling the creature's actions in definite ways. The visible response follows.

The young man does not ask you to believe that his creation lives. But he does ask you, at least, to try to believe that it reasons in some basic way. That this is not too much to ask, can be seen when one is told that the human brain is a mass of gray spongy substance, weighing on an average of from three to three and one-half pounds and consisting of some 800,000,000 separate cells—each one a tiny electrical dynamo, capable of producing one H.P. of electricity. That is, the individual carries about in his cranium more potential electrical energy than all that possessed by all the factories, foundries and mills in the U. S. combined. A thought occurs when a flow of electricity, produced by one or more of these dynamos, surges through the brain. The more dynamos working together, the more current, and the more intense the thought. These electric impulses are influenced by other electric impulses, sent inwards, from without, from the eye, ear, skin and so on. Together these two sets influence the brain to direct the actions of the body. So it is, in a far simpler form, with the robot. He was something like a pilotless plane in the air, governed by electrical impulses sent from the ground.

Recently, in an American laboratory, part of the brain of a monkey was re-



moved and a simple arrangement of electrical coils put in its place. The wound was left open. From across the room, electrical impulses were sent, each impulse acting upon a different coil of the set resting in the ape's brain. And the monkey moved—moved because certain of its body muscles were acted upon by its brain, which was in turn acted upon by

the stimulating coils.

A stupid person is one with a comparatively low electrical potential in his body; a clever person, one with a high potential. Is it possible to produce a robot with a higher degree of response by a raising of the present potential? Can Man Create Mind?

—JOHN DANNER, COLL. 5-A.



HEAVY WATER

HEAVERY water is just what its name implies. It is water 10% heavier than ordinary water. Otherwise there is practically no difference except that its boiling point is slightly higher and its freezing point about 39°F. It is very expensive, however, costing about one thousand dollars a pint.

Heavy water was discovered about three years ago by Professor Harold C. Urey of Columbia University for which he was awarded the Nozel prize last year. Ordinary water is a compound of two substances, hydrogen and oxygen, each molecule of water containing two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen. The proportion by weight of hydrogen and oxygen is 1:8 because the hydrogen atom weighs about one sixteenth of the oxygen atom. Heavy water owes its peculiarity to the fact that its hydrogen atoms weigh about twice as much as ordinary and consequently combine in proportion by weight 1:4.

This type of hydrogen atom exists wherever water is found, in the ratio of about 1:500 and because of this small quantity a small lake would yield about one pint of the precious fluid.

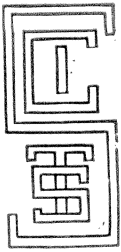
The value of heavy water does not lie in its cost but in its usefulness in research. It is a research tool providing the means of obtaining valuable information. It had made significant contributions to four branches of science and has opened the door to a great many hitherto mysteries.

The first of these is chemical change, why it occurs and what determines its

rate. Most chemical changes take place in definite stages which eventually reach equilibrium and in order to control change the chemist must understand what conditions govern each step. By running similar experiments with the ordinary and heavy water the difference in rate, steps and energy expended may be noted and made use of.

The second use served by the atoms of heavy hydrogen is to determine the structure of the molecule. The physicist attempts to determine this structure by means of spectroscopy analysis which classifies the atomic structures of molecules by means of the vibrations frequencies of the atoms making them up. Two atoms like hydrogen and chlorine when combined to form a molecule vibrate back and forth along the line connecting them as if held together by a tiny string, at the same time rotating end over end. By replacing ordinary hydrogen with heavy hydrogen, the rates of vibration and rotation are changed but since the forces remain unaltered these changes arise only from differences in weight and by comparing the results when each kind of hydrogen is used the distance between the atoms and their arrangement can be exactly measured.

Nowadays it is not only possible to break down compounds but also to transform elements into other elements by propelling ions and electrons at enormous speeds and allowing them to crash into a target of the atoms under investigation. Among the various projectiles used are alpha particles radiated from uranium,



ordinary hydrogen atoms and heavy hydrogen atoms. The latter because of their weight can be accelerated by an ordinary voltage generation until they exceed in speed the radiations of various radium sources and promises to prove valuable in the study of therapy by radio-active emanations.

The fourth field and perhaps the most important to mankind directly is the physiological effect of heavy water in the human body. It has been found that some life processes tend to accumulate heavy water far more than others, such as in honey, and that some plants thrive

especially well when small quantities of heavy water are added to the soil. Experiments along this line must necessarily be slow but within a few years important results are expected.

Heavy water is probably unique in that it is the only discovery in the history of science which has been immediately adopted and utilized. It has been of inestimable importance and promises to develop knowledge and aid in the search after Truth exceedingly.

—J. C. C., 4-A.

(Condensed from a University of Michigan Lecture).

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DRAFTING

DRRAFTING is the term applied to the type of drawing used in the industrial world by engineers and designers. It is the language used to express and record the ideas and information necessary for the building of machines and structures; as distinguished from drawing as a fine art, as practiced by artists in pictorial representation.

The artist strives to produce, either from the model or the landscape before him, or through his creative imagination, a picture which will impart to the observer something as nearly as may be of the same mental impression as that produced by the object itself, or as that in the artist's mind. As there are no lines in nature, if he is limited in his medium to lines instead of colour and light and shade, he is able only to suggest his meaning, and must depend upon the observer's imagination to supply the lack.

The draftsman has a greater task. Limited to outline alone, he may not simply suggest his meaning, but must give exact and positive information regarding every detail of the machine or structure existing in his imagination. Thus drawing to him is more than an artist's representation; it is a complete graphical language, by whose aid he may describe minutely every operation necessary, and may keep a com-

plete record of the work for duplication or repairs.

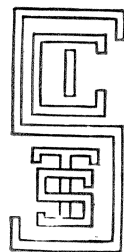
In the artist's case the result can be understood, in greater or less degree by anyone. The draftsman's result does not show the object as it would appear to the eye when finished, consequently his drawing can be read and understood only by one trained in the language.

Thus as the foundation upon which all designing and construction is based, drafting becomes a most important branch of study in a technical school.

When this language is written exactly and accurately, it is done with the aid of mathematical instruments, and is called mechanical drawing. When done with the unaided hand, without the assistance of instruments or appliances, it is known as a freehand drawing, or technical sketching. Training in both these methods is necessary for a draftsman, the first to develop accuracy in measurement and the second to train in comprehensive observation and to give control and mastery of form and proportion.

Drafting is not a language to be learned only by those who will be professional writers of it, but should be understood by all connected with or interest in technical industries.

This idea is being carried out in our



technical school, all boys in the technical department having to take it for four years.

It follows therefore, that the study of drafting is extremely interesting as well as very useful and so the young fellow

with ability who is ready to acquire the necessary knowledge and its accurate application "drafting opens the doors to unlimited opportunities in our industrial activities."

—LEONARD HOSSIE, T.4.

THE ATOM AND BEYOND

ATOMS have been by no means part of any recent theory—in fact, many of the ancient Greek philosophers believed implicitly in them, and some even went so far as to say that the soul consisted of atoms which disintegrated at death. John Dalton, an English chemist, gave the world its first workable theory of atoms, a theory which has been amended and modified as science advanced, and which accepted atoms as the ultimate, indivisible parts of all matter.

The X-ray proved conclusively however, that still smaller particles made up these atoms, and set the scientific world thinking. When electricity is passed through a tube containing practically no air, a stream of minute particles pass from the negative pole to the positive, and, because they are always the same—no matter what material makes up the cathode or what gas fills the tube—they are considered constituents of all atoms. These particles are nothing more than charges of negative electricity and are known as electrons.

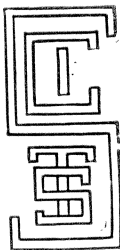
But if these negatively charged particles constituted all matter, why were not all substances electrically negative instead of neutral? This puzzling question led scientists to believe that the atom besides consisting of negative charges of electricity must contain enough positive charges to neutralize the negative, thus making the atom electrically neutral. The spontaneous disintegration of uranium into lead furnished the clue to this problem, and it remained for Sir Ernest Rutherford to discover the nature of the positively charged particles.

Rutherford used a metal tube, across the end of which he placed a glass plate

coated with zinc sulphide, a substance which effloresces brilliantly under certain conditions. In the other end of the tube, he put a small bit of radium which caused the zinc sulphide to glow. However, when the radium was at a distance of more than seven centimetres, the sulphide would not glow, owing to the fact that the molecules of the air stopped the emanations. Rutherford placed a thin sheet of aluminum between the radium and the sulphide screen, and observed that even when the radium was much further away than seven centimetres, a florescence appeared upon the screen. The florescence was certainly due to the impact of particles, but they could not have come from the radium. Therefore the only possible explanation was that they had been knocked out of the aluminum atoms by the impact of the alpha particles erupted by the radium.

By means of their deflection in a magnetic field, Rutherford measured the mass and velocity of the individual particles and found that they were precisely the same as that of the hydrogen atom. They also proved to be positively charged and were given the name "protons." Here was the other particle of electricity that nullified the charge of the electron.

The proton was found to be about eighteen hundred times as heavy as the electron, but to have a volume about one eighteen hundredth as great. Practically the entire mass of the atom is contained in the protons, and as the mass of the proton is 1, the mass of the electron may be ignored. All atoms are composed of a central nucleus, containing protons and electrons and a number of planetary electrons revolving about this nucleus.



Let us consider uranium, the heaviest element, whose atomic weight is 238. This entire mass must be due to the protons in the nucleus, and since each proton has a mass of 1, there must be 238 protons in the nucleus. Each proton also carries one positive charge which would seem to give the nucleus of uranium 238 positive charges, but, the atomic number of uranium is 92, this: the nucleus has 92 positive charges. The only conclusion possible, then, is that 146 of the protons must have been neutralized by electrons contained in the nucleus, thus leaving an excess of 92 protons. The 92 unneutralized protons in the nucleus are offset by 92 electrons which revolve in fixed orbits around the nucleus, thus making the whole electrically positive. This fact, that the atom of an element contains a nucleus of protons and a smaller number of electrons which are made up by revolving electrons, has only one exception—the hydrogen atom—whose nucleus contains but one proton and a revolving electron.

Helium has a mass of four, that is four protons in the nucleus. But since the atomic number is two and therefore there must be an excess of two protons in the nucleus, two planetary electrons revolve about it and neutralize the two positive charges. Oxygen, atomic number 16, has 16 protons and 8 electrons in its nucleus and 8 revolving electrons. To distinguish between the electrons inside and outside the nucleus, the former were given the name "binding electrons" and the latter "satellite electrons."

Thus we see that the atomic weight of an element is due to the number of protons contained in its nucleus, and the atomic number is due to the excess of protons in the nucleus or the number of positive charges remaining unneutralized by the binding electrons.

It has been found that the satellite electrons are divided into shells, the inner (except in the case of hydrogen) always containing two fixed or polar electrons, and if more than two satellite electrons are present, the remainder up to 10

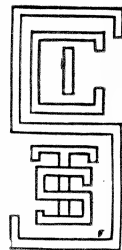
arrange themselves in a second shell outside the first—if there are any left over, the rest in other shells containing 8, 18, and so on until Uranium has been reached.

Dr. Irving Langmuir has worked out a very simple and ingenious theory about chemical activity and inertia, using this theory of electronic shells. The rare gases of the atmosphere—helium, neon, argon, krypton and xenon—are absolutely inert and will not form chemical compounds or participate in chemical reactions. Why is this? The atomic numbers of these gases are 2, 10, 18, 36 and 64 respectively, and these numbers stand for the number of satellite electrons revolving about the nucleus. Helium would contain but one shell possessing two electrons; neon, two shells containing 2, 8; argon, three containing 2, 8, 8; krypton, four containing 2, 8, 8, 18; and xenon, five containing 2, 8, 8, 18 and 18, respectively. Langmuir assumed that these were the staple configurations, and that chemical action was the result when atoms strove to attain these configurations.

The union of chlorine and sodium to form salt gives a simple illustration of this. Sodium with atomic weight 11 has three shells of electrons, containing 2, 8, and 1, respectively, and thus is always trying to pick up other electrons or to lose one, to become stable. Chlorine on the other hand, with atomic weight of 17, has shells containing 2, 8, and 7 electrons. It is easily seen why they combine so readily, because the solitary electron of third shell of chloride and both then have third shell of chlorine and both then have either 2 to 8 in their shells.

Thus we see that the scientists of today have literally explored the atom and explained many mysteries of chemical action and properties. Yet much remains unknown—for who can say but what in time the very protons and electrons will be broken up and explored? Science has a good start and she intends to follow up her advantage.

—J. C. C., 4-A.



Hail Champy

This section of the magazine has been given over to the Senior Rugby Team who, this year, brought something that the school may be proud of; an honour which our school has not held since 1928 and 1931; this was in winning the Wossa and Interscholastic Championships for 1934.

PERSONNEL OF SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Ends—Kent, Genner.

Flying Wing—Walker.

Halves—Hutchinson, Dailey, Tolmie.

Quarter—McWatters.

Snap—Paithouski.

Insides—Mondoux, Adams.

Middles—Burgess, Isbister.

Subs—Shanks, Caven, Williams, Austin, Harris, Lampel, Miller, Wright, Skam, Galloway, Taylor, Jones, Brooks, Stuchberry.

DEAN DAILEY: "Dizzy" is in his 4th year with Wossa teams. He is a regular half-back and was Captain of the 1932 team. He will work in Sarnia next year.

BILL HUTCHINSON: "Hutchy" has played three years with the Juniors and two with the Seniors. He is a half-back and his kicking is unmatched in Wossa football.

CAPT. JIM GENNER: "Jimmie" was out for the year with injuries. He plays end and has played one year with the Juniors and three with the Seniors. He is going to work in Stratford next year.

BOB ISBISTER: "Izzy" although troubled with a bad knee, played a smart season at right middle. He was with the Juniors three years. This is his first year with the seniors.

CAL ADAMS: "Dynamite" is a newcomer to the school, having learned his rugby in Port Huron High School. He is a good line man and proved to be an exceptional blocker.

ARNOLD McWATTERS: "Arnie" was one of the team's stars, and was responsible for many of the high scores, being the regular quarterback. He is going to Port Colbourne next year.

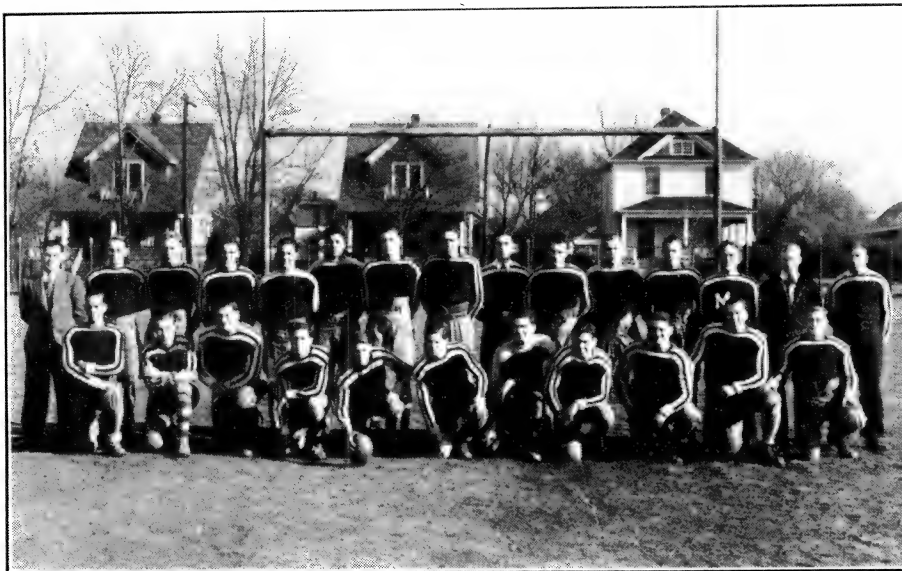
NICHOLAS PAITHOUSKI: "Nick" played snap and starred in nearly every game. He with with the Juniors for two years. His specialty was blocking kicks.

HOWARD WALKER: This is "How's" second year in Senior rugby. He was a regular on the flying wing. He is going to College next year.

ORVIL CAVEN: This is "Chink's" first year in Senior rugby. He is a dependable kicker and a sure catch, and will be back again next year.

DUNCAN TOLMIE: "Dunc" or "Twister" has played Junior rugby and was a regular half-back this season, although he can play any position and is a good kicker. He is going to Toronto at the end of the year.

ALBERT MONDOUX: "Tony" played Junior Wossa for two years and is a former captain of the squad. He was a regular inside. He will work in Sarnia next year.



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row—F. E. O'Donohue (Coach), Fred Stuchberry, Cliff Miller, Orville Caven, Howard Walker, Cal. Adams, Duncan Tolmie, Bill Hutchinson, Kitchener Jones, Dean Dailey, Arnie McWatters, Ronald Skam, Vern Boyington (Mgr.), Jack Milner (Asst. Mgr.), Nicholas Paithouski.
Front Row—Elmer Wright, Bob Isbister, Abie Lampel, Bert Harris, Captain Jim Genner, Don Taylor, Albert Mondoux, Jack Burgess, Don Austin, Don Brooks, Lloyd Galloway.

LLOYD GALLOWAY: "Shadow" was an end on the team, this being his first year in school rugby. He was out of the game at the end of the season due to injuries, but will be back next year.

JACK BURGESS: "Johnny" has played two years with the Juniors and two with the Seniors. He was a regular middle. He is going to work in Sarnia at the end of the year.

CLIFFORD MILLER: "Hun" has played one year with the Juniors and this was his first with the Seniors. He played end.

ABRAHAM LAMPEL: Has played two years with the Juniors and one with the Seniors. He has a lot of "superfluous avoirdupois tissue" and he used it to good advantage as a middle wing.

KITCHENER JONES: "Kitch" plays half-back and quarterback. He was a member of the Junior Wossa finalists and this was his first year with the Seniors.

BERTRAM HARRIS: Playing his first year in school rugby, Bert shaped up very well in the snap position. He will be back again next year.

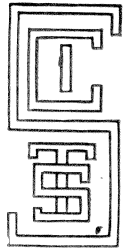
DONALD BROOKS: "Don" has had one year in Junior rugby and this is his first year in the Senior company. He added a lot of weight to the front line.

ROY KENT: "Snapper" played with the Juniors until they were eliminated. He was brought up to the Seniors where he held a regular end position.

ELMER WRIGHT: "Abie" is a newcomer to Senior rugby. He plays flying wing, and on the half line. He will be back next year.

DONALD AUSTIN: "Steamroller" plays on the line or half line. This is his first year in high school and Senior rugby. He will be back next year.

DONALD TAYLOR: "Wimpy" was in his first year in Senior rugby here, having played before in Toronto. He is an alternate quarter or half-back.



RONALD SKAM: "Ron" played Junior rugby last year and held down middle wing position in his first year with the Seniors.

FRED STUCHBERRY: "Fred", an end on this year's team, specialized in shoe-string tackles. This was his first year in Senior rugby. He will be back next year.

ROSS WILLIAMS: "Ross" is another Junior who was brought up to the Senior team. He strengthened the line considerably. He will play Junior rugby next year.

JIM SHANKS: "Shooks" is an old-

timer in Junior rugby. He was brought up from the Juniors as an alternated quarter and is a good passer.

JACK MILNER: Although unable to play this year Jack proved very useful as an assistant manager.

VERN BOYINGTON: "Maxie" was this year's manager, proving to be very energetic and capable. He wrote up several school games for The Observer.

COACHES: Mr. Frank O'Donohue and Mr. William McNair, better-known to the team as "Dan" and "Bill" certainly deserve a great deal of the credit for the team's successful season.

RUGBY BANQUETS

The Senior Rugby Team had the pleasure of attending two banquets, one in their honour, given by the Kiwanis Club and the other as guests of honour at the banquet given by the City to the Dominion Champions, Imperial Rugby Team.

The Kiwanis Club banquet was held in the Y. W. C. A. and was an event appreciated by each member of the team.

Many thanks from the team to the City and Kiwanis Club.

SENIOR RUGBY

SARNIA C.I. 11, LONDON CENTRAL 7

London, Oct. 6.—The Seniors began the season well by defeating London South Collegiate quite handily by a score of 11-7.

SARNIA C.I. 8, LONDON SOUTH 2

Sarnia, Oct. 20.—Then Seniors won their second game, but evidently they were up against a stiffer proposition in London South than in Central Collegiate.

LONDON SOUTH 5, SARNIA 4

London, Oct. 25.—The Seniors received their first, and incidentally, their only defeat at the hands of London South in a hotly contested battle. Nevertheless, they won the round 12-7 by virtue of their previous win of 8-2. Sarnia obtained two rouges in the first period. South got a touchdown which was declared void by Karn, very nearly causing a riot. London put on the pressure and scored another touch, but failed to convert; Hutchinson kicking a single to end the count.

SARNIA 6, LONDON CENTRAL 0

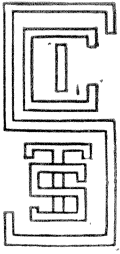
Sarnia, Nov. 1.—The Seniors had an easy time defeating London Central 6-0 in a contest that meant nothing, Sarnia having already won the round. McWatters, newly discovered quarterback, was the star of the game, being ably assisted by Paithouski, Adams, Dailey.

SARNIA 11, ST. THOMAS 0

Sarnia, Nov. 8.—The Collegiate's second shutout was obtained at the expense of St. Thomas in a game in which Hutchinson's punting offset the superior plunging of St. Thomas. McWatters and Adams did some nice work.

SARNIA 10, ST. THOMAS 8

St. Thomas, Nov. 10.—Hutchinson's kicking again held the Saints in check, and while the Sarnia line held well, the Saints couldn't find an effective method of keeping Nick Paithouski from bounding through their line and hurrying their kicks.



SARNIA 13
WINDSOR-WALKERVILLE 0.

Sarnia, Nov. 22.—Although in their own half of the field most of the time, the Seniors won their first game with Windsor, through the all-round play of the team. Kent, brought up from the Juniors played a good game at end. Tolmie and Dailey were plunging well; Adams, Mondoux and Burgess being good on the defensive.

SARNIA 5, WINDSOR 0

Windsor, Nov. 24.—Sarnia entered the Wossa final by again defeating Windsor. The points were obtained by way of a field goal and two rouges. The whole Sarnia team looked good.

SARNIA SENIORS WIN WOSSA

Nov. 29, Dec. 3.—The Seniors won the Wossa for the first time in six years by defeating Stratford by scores of 15-5 and 1-0. The first game was notable for the fine work of the Sarnia line. Mondoux, Burgess and Williams, from the Juniors, played errorless football. On the line, Adams and Paithouski were blocking well. McWatters turned in the best individual effort of the season when

he scored a touch in the last minute of the game by reversing his fields, and cutting through the Stratford team without being touched. Kent, who played for the juniors turned in another nice game at end.

In the second game the Seniors just bogged down and held on to their lead. Caven took over most of the kicking duties; Hutchinson scored the only point by a single.

SARNIA CAPTURES O.R.F.U.
INTERSCHOLASTIC GRID
CHAMPIONSHIP

Dec. 17.—The Seniors handed St. Michael's Collegiate their first defeat of the year, 11-6, in what was described as the best game of the season by the critics. The visitors flashed one of the most dangerous forward passing attacks of the year but couldn't penetrate the Sarnia defensive wall. Dailey dribbled a blocked kick over the line and Austin fell on it for Sarnia's only touchdown. Hutchinson, McWatters, Paithouski, Dailey, Tolmie, Adams, Caven, Kent and Captain Genner, stood out on a team that was a standout individually as well as a team.

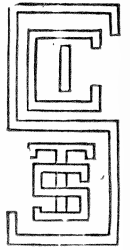
THE SNAKE WALK

The year's chief snake walk in connection with the game with St. Thomas was particularly good, under the guidance and direction of Miss Burriss. Of amazing length the walk threaded its way through the downtown district, sweeping all before it, and was composed of an amazing variety of sections—results of Miss Burriss's fertile imagination. There was the band in uniform—Tony Mondeaux was dressed as Mae West—a special Indian rooting section for Cal Adams—pupils in Hallowe'en and everyday dress. These

were only a few of the squads that formed the parade.

The idea was plainly an advertising scheme for the game and utterly refuted the contention that the snake walk had died a sudden death among the students of the S. C. I. & T. S. If it had it was revived with a bang, thanks to Dr. Burriss. The result of the whole thing was that the same six hundred students attended the game with their chums, showing that the venom of the snake-walk's bite has not become diluted.





(Or Why Teachers Grow Grey)

Note: This year we are offering a few boners to our readers. Below we give you what we consider the best dozen boners taken from the noted "Boners" book of the Viking Press, New York, with their kind permission.

1. A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off.
2. Who was sorry when the Prodigal Son returned? The fatted calf.
3. Esau was a man who wrote fables and sold his copyright for a mess of potash.
4. The Esquimaux are God's frozen people.
5. During the Napoleonic War Crown Heads were trembling in their shoes.
6. The Duck of Wellington won a big battle, and when he finished he had one arm and one eye and he looked through the telescope with his blind eye and said it was alright, and that is how he won the battle.
7. A polygon with seven sides is called a hooligan.
8. Mary and Charles Lamb were blind and yet how patient and how loving they both were. Charles Lamb was insane, and had to wear a straight jacket.
9. Some insects have scales on their wings, for example, a fish.
10. They say music hath charms to sooth the savage beast, but I never noticed it to have any effect on me.
11. The best way to keep milk from turning sour is to keep it in the cow.
12. King Arthur collected all the fine brave young men of his time, and called them the Knuts of the Round Table.

And now for some of our own lads and lasses:

Napoleon dispersed the mob by firing grape fruit at them.

A damsel is a little plum.

Robespierre tried to shoot himself but he was too crooked to hit himself and just shattered his jaw.

Shylock hated Antonio because he spit on him, abused him, and kicked him in the market place.

In 1917 a vote was given to women who owned £10 of furniture or a husband.

Tepees were things that French fur-traders wore on there feet.

An octopus is a man who always looks on the bright side of things.



BOOK REVIEW

There is no frigate like a book

INDIA, LAND OF THE BLACK PAGODA

Lowell Thomas — 1930

The Garden City Publishing Company, Inc., Garden City, N.Y.

If the lure of steamship labels is very great for you, Lowell Thomas' latest book, "India, Land of the Black Pagoda," will intensify your desire to travel. The author spent two years in India and covered some sixty thousand miles of that country.

He sets down, without reservation, all that he sees, depicting an everchanging life—incredible squalor following on the heels of unimaginable luxury; wisdom and

philosophy hand in hand with ignorance and hypocrisy; the unbelievable number of strange religions which have so firmly established the caste system.

Numerous photographs illustrate the different parts of the country in which the author has travelled and help the reader to understand why India is so fascinating to all who go there

—LILLIAN HALL, V.B.

PEACE WITH HONOUR

A. A. Milne — 1934

E. P. Dutton & Co. Inc., New York

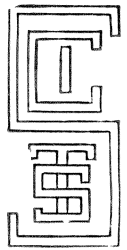
"I read every word with keenness. It's great." This statement, it seems, was made by Curtis Brown, International Literary Agent. And besides, I have heard well-read, intellectual people express similar opinions.

The book is fascinating but it lacks the enthusiasm of Mr. Brown.

Throughout the entire volume, A. A. Milne adopts a mocking, ridiculing style. He overdoes it! Look at this: "Now it is an interesting, if evident, fact that nobody who talks bravely about war has

ever been killed in war." Do you like it? I don't. You will find scarcely a paragraph which does not contain some absurd comparison. So much for mere literary style.

A. A. Milne admits the absurdity of much that he says. He meant it to be absurd. He admits also, that the ideas and solution which he submits are purely theoretical. But he does not admit that theory very often cannot be put into practice. Many existing situations are justified only in as much as they have



become conventions. Then obviously the author's theories must become conventions. He dares to justify a book of theory by still another theory!

It has always been my belief that soldiers who fought in the Great War should be respected, revered. This very attitude, however, the writer criticizes on the grounds that it tends to glorify militarism. Similar instances make many of Milne's views seem to me almost sacreligious.

Later on, Mr. Milne introduces the idea

that leaders such as Ramsay MacDonald or Hitler could prevent war. Are these leaders not dependent upon popular favour? As soon as they lose that favour, they lose their leadership.

In concluding, the author expresses the fear that he cannot believe in the reader's imagination. This is a challenge to you! Does "realism" prevent the exercise of your imagination? The answer to this lies in the reading of "Peace With Honour."

ELECTRONS AT WORK

William C. Underhill — 1934

McGraw and Hillier Publishing Company, Boston

Did you know that everything is composed of electricity?—that if electricity were completely taken out of our lives man could not exist? These and many other facts are explained and proved in "Electrons at Work."

This is perhaps the latest and most up-to-the-minute book on electrons and electronic rays. It advances the newest theories on the construction and action of: the atom, the electron, and the molecule.

In short, it is really a book of electrical physics. The construction and uses of one of electricity's most recent inventions, the photo-electric cell, are described, and the tubes used in television, radio, and sound transmission.

This book is one of the finest of its type. It consists of practical, sound information, put up in an interesting form which can be read by anyone.

—FRANCIS DE JERSEY, T.4.

THE NEW DEAL IN CANADA

Major Eric Harris — 1934

The Ryerson Press, Toronto

When election time is approaching and with it an inevitable "New Deal" for Canada, you will be glad to find that Major Harris has an excellent one in mind. The author makes an intelligent, constructive criticism of Canada's present social and economic system. He prescribes: a redistribution of wealth, through equitably arranged taxation; a measure of "reflation," in view of producing a sound currency; and a New National Policy to increase foreign trade—which steps will

support a proposed system of Controlled Capitalism.

In completing this book last spring, the author suggested that Premier Bennett would doubtless adopt an election policy along these lines. This prophecy, of course, is already coming true.

"The New Deal in Canada" is well-written, easily understandable—a tribute which cannot, unfortunately, be paid to all books of its kind.

LITERATURE



SOLDIER'S RETURN

Prize Winning Short Story

He was returning from the front, across the far-spread battle-fields, back to camp. There had been an attack the night before; he himself had come near to being a victim of the earth-rending shells that had rained upon the front-line trenches. There had been but a single, burning blast in the night before him, then oblivion . . . oblivion that had enfolded his whole being until that morning.

Farther on, he passed a group of men from his own company, laughing and singing along the road. He called to them, waved his hand, but they did not seem to hear. Then, shoulders bowed, he continued his plodding way across the grassy plains.

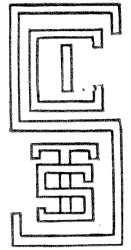
For the first time, he noticed that the weight of his rifle was absent from his shoulders. He must have dropped it, or flung it from him, before the great roaring maw of the black earth had swallowed him, and made him, almost, one of its creatures . . . creatures of Sleep, Sleep, as deep and black as the soil, and as everlasting.

How like a nightmare it all seemed now! With the flight of the terror-dark night, before the oncoming morning, there had passed from his mind the horror of the preceding hours of darkness, leaving him free once more to the beauties of the cool-drenched dawn.

Before him, too, he could discern the living glitter of the dew upon the earth-incensed plants, that stood like gaunt sentinels in the lonely morning landscape. So cool did they appear, that he reached forth his hand, to touch one of them, and to feel its very freshness. Odily, he experienced no sensation whatever. Bewildered, he continued his march onward. Across the fields of rippling barley to his right a group of fan-tailed pigeons moved like a cloud of jasmine. They circled outward, then back, their mist like wings whispering in a phantom's voice upon the morning air. Close about him they swept, as if without fear; once he started back, so close did one come to his face. For a moment it seemed to him that it had flown clear through his breast. The thought frightened him, somehow; made him dizzy. He clung to the shell-swept bole of a tree nearby.

Still wrapped in wonder, he entered the billet. One again a wave of loneliness flowed over his being.

But even as he walked, there came to his ears the sound of a man's cry . . . a cheer, a single note that contained all the resurrection of a human being's long shattered hope. Immediately upon it came a veritable roar of shouts, of men gone mad with happiness and despaired-of freedom. Out of the many-voiced murmur that underlay the shrill cries, he



could distinguish but one word, a word to sway his very soul . . . "Armistice!" . . . "Armistice!" . . .

The soldier went to one side of the little pathway and sat down. Although he saw several of his friends amongst the cheering throng, no one seemed to know that he had returned. The message of the Armistice had captured them all; had turned the thoughts of all towards home.

The soldier's head dropped forward to meet his breast. So it had come at last, had it?—the moment of which they had all dreamt, and talked, and for which they had waited, with an eternity of patience. And he was going home; home to the waving fields beneath purple-touched skies and dust sprinkled roadways.

He dragged himself along, at the last of the procession, head bowed, shoulders stooped. His mind and body were lost in thought . . . thoughts of home, and memories renewed.

Far up ahead, there had been a faint cry. Now he could discern a wave of murmuring that grew and grew until

it reached the men directly about him. They were all gathered about and above something that lay, framed in the beckoning grass, by the side of the road.

He leaned over the shoulders of those before him, and looked. A man's body was lying there.

Very slowly and very cautiously, he stepped back from the crowd, and began to walk off down the road . . . What did it matter, now, that the Armistice had come, with that body lying back there, by the side of the road. He knew now that he would never return home to the fields and rivers and houses.

Now he understood the strange flight of the fan-tail; now he knew why the leaf and the dew had been as nothing in his hand.

He continued his marching, off down the road that eventually made its way to the sky beyond. His fellows had not noticed his departure. No one would ever notice him again . . . For the body that lay by the side of the road was . . . his own!

—JOHN DANNER, 5-A.

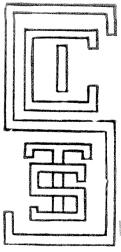
A PEACEFUL JOURNEY (?)

I dozed fitfully as we rushed along. I had eaten an immense dinner and the crowded coach was very warm. All around me were the contented faces of people returning home; suitcases crammed with gifts; stomachs crammed with turkey, and minds crammed with the pleasant memories of that Christmas day. Behind me, two middle-aged women jabbered some unintelligible jargon. Forward in the smoking compartment, bursts of song and laughter testified to happy hearts. The train roared through the darkness. Towns flashed by. Far ahead the whistle wailed like a lost soul. We were approaching my destination for I could see the street lights of an adjacent town piercing the darkness. A small station flashed by. The engineer did not bother to slow down for the track was clear ahead. The train ahead was drawn up

in a siding to allow him to go straight through.

I was putting on my galoshes when it happened. There was a crash! followed by a wrenching jolt then . . . total darkness. Someone screamed. The lights flared up. Tense white faces appeared on all sides. Hushed voices queried anxiously. A woman laughed. Like magic the tension broke. The travellers regained their seats and waited for the journey to be resumed, assuming that something had gone wrong with the engine.

Suddenly the rear door burst open, and a trainman, his face smeared with soot, his coat torn to ribbons, rushed through the coach. Shouts were heard outside and lanterns bobbed quickly by. A siren sobbed in the distance. Its wail grew louder, and louder. An ambulance, swayed and bumped along the rough track beside the



rails. Another passed, and another—I counted six. An awed silence filled the coach. Hushed conversation was heard outside.

"Wreck . . . smashed . . . killed . . . seriously," were the only words I could catch. I glanced down the car to see only blank or anxiously frowning faces. I turned to the window, but only the tiny lights below, winked cheerily at me.

A waxen-faced coloured porter entered the rear door, was greeted by the curious passengers—

"What happened?"

"Did we hit something?"

"How soon before the train starts?"

"You'll be lucky if we get out of here by to-morrow noon," he replied, eyes rolling. "There's been a head-on collision. Four or five hundred killed."

The occupants of the car rose with the intention of making their way home by other means. I rose also, deciding to follow them. We walked the length of the train searching for an open door. The door of the last car yielded to our efforts and we stepped out into the frosty night.

Below me was a sheer drop of two hundred feet or more. A hundred yards up the track was the station-house, blazing with light, and pulsing with activity. To my left stretched the train, the far end swallowed up in clouds of smoke. Puffs of steam, shot through and through with red streaks, hissed skyward. A blood red glare illuminated the sky. Tiny fi-

gures dashed to and fro, lanterns swinging. An ambulance roared down the narrow roadway. In it was a dull grey blanket covering . . . something . . . Something that had lived, and laughed and opened Christmas presents shortly before, and now . . . just a grey blanket hiding something still and huddled, remained.

Shuddering, I turned and walked down the track to the station. Inside were many people, jostling and crowding around the single telephone booth. On a bench sat the disheveled figure of a woman. She saw nothing, heard nothing, only gazed around dazedly, as if just awakened from a deep sleep.

I crossed the track and descended the shaky stairs to the road. As I trudged along, my bag grew heavier and heavier every minute. Cars began to scream past bound for the wreck. Finally I reached the town and caught a bus to my destination.

Later, as I wearily sank down in a chair at my friend's home, an orchestra blared forth in wildest abandon from the radio. Suddenly the music stopped and a voice spoke:

"The C.N.R. Flyer struck and wrecked a special Christmas train at nine-thirty this evening. The accident occurred just outside Dundas. Known dead—ten. Injured—thirty. For further details read your local newspaper." The orchestra blared forth again.

—JACK CLUNIE, 4-A.

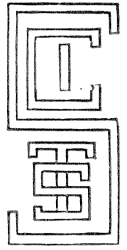
WAR CORRESPONDENT

It is Paris, 1870, during the "bloody week," a week of horrible destruction of life and property. From outside, forts are firing upon the city, inside shells are falling in every direction. The Versailles army is revengeful; the Communists are becoming frenzied.

Above the roaring flames of the Rue Royale, the Hotel De Ville and the Police Office may be seen, blazing columns

towering into the night, and shedding upon the city their beauty, even in their destruction.

Crouched in a corner of a balcony is a boy—he can scarcely be called a man. He is working feverishly, excitedly, on a pad resting on his knee. Eagerly he lifts his eyes to the scene opposite—it is the attack on the Elysee Palace. Once again he is at his sketching. His slim fingers



move rapidly; his breath comes in gasps. He repeatedly glances at the scene opposite. His work is taking definite shape. He pauses, one last look at the Elysee Palace, a final touch to his work. He holds it from him, and with a smile of approval, tucks it in his pocket and disappears through a window. Not a moment too soon; as he pauses on the far side of the street to look at the now-de-

serted balcony, there is a roar overhead, and, even as he watches, the balcony is carried away by a shell.

It is later in the evening. At a table in a dingy room sits the boy. No, he is writing. Ernest Vizetelly of the "Daily News" and "Pall Mall Gazette" has begun his momentous career as a war correspondent.

—MARIAN RAMSAY, COLL. 4-A.

• • •
2 0 3 5

The new airflow autos had just been placed on the market. Mentally I remarked upon their curious shape. The association of ideas no doubt, caused me to have a dream, in which, I was carried to the land of *One-Hundred Years-From-Now*.

I entered from the air, sailing along in a huge plane that was much advanced in comparison with those of to-day. The motors were placed at the front as formerly, but, they were noiseless as we shot through the upper atmosphere. The plane was roomy and large, furnished in the central compartment, with low chairs, of futuristic contour. The pilot's cabin was the front, and the baggage room at the back. The plane was shaped much like a long, wide, torpedo. The absence of wings or any other projecting parts, allowed it to slip through the air at an unbelievable speed.

We were shooting along thus, when the plane, halting its onward course in mid-air, dropped to the earth. The queer sensation usually experienced when dropping rapidly through space was absent. Upon landing, air-tight doors, right beside our chairs, opened wide, allowing us to step out without bending over.

We were met at the airport by a bevy of brightly coloured cars that closely resembled our plane. They were built low to the ground and whizzed noiselessly along at an incredible speed. The houses we passed were all the same, pure white, three storied, box-like structures. Their roofs, perfectly flat, were used as landing

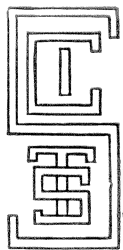
fields for small privately owned planes. The east walls had windows, but the west and north walls were blank.

We passed along what appeared to be main street. There were no advertisements or large show-windows to be seen. In place of these, the stores were built in the shape of the article they sold. A dry goods store was built to resemble a bolt of cloth, a music store was represented by a piano, a millinery shop took the shape of a band-box. No place sold more than one thing, thus ousting the old general store. The streets were wide and smooth, the roads painted in dull blues, greys or green to prevent glare.

Our hotel was a huge structure of the same type as were the houses. We entered the lobby, secured rooms, and were whisked away in an elevator to the thirty-seventh floor. Our rooms were complete in every detail, so furnished as to enable us to view the city without leaving the hotel. A large soft cushioned chair was placed in one corner facing a perfectly blank wall. One arm of the chair was equipped with a row of dials and buttons.

One dial enabled us to procure whatever light we desired in the room. Indirect lighting was used. A turn of the dial instantly bathed the room in a soft rose light, as we turned farther, the colours turned to a restful blue green. Any desired colour could be dialed in this way.

Desiring to see the city, we settled ourselves in our chairs and turned a switch.



Immediately a wavy motion could be discerned on the blank wall before us, this gradually changed to the distinct outline of the streets. Another button produced sound, enabling us to attend concerts, plays and movies without moving. A similar device in our friends' homes made

it possible for us to visit together, at will, with the least possible effort.

We were entertaining ourselves thus, when the rose lights turned to a glare, and I found myself blinking at the rising sun, black in Nineteen Thirty-Five.

—RUTH ROBINSON, 5-A.

◆◆◆

GOING HOME

Some day, Christopher was going home. Going back to the friendly little village that was his home town, back to the little hedged cottage that was home. Some day—when there were enough coins in the little black dish into which went his every spare penny.

Christopher skimped in every way possible that he might add another small coin to the scanty hoard. Of course, Mrs. Adrian's boarding house was respectable, but, like many other London boarding houses it had seen better days. Christopher's near-sighted eyes easily escaped noticing the cracks in the fan-light over the door, but, they could not escape the cracks in the plaster in his room—neither could they ignore them. When he saw these, Christopher would resolutely turn away, and think of the little cottage behind the hedge where the plaster did not crack. When eating his simple meals, which he cooked himself, Christopher would think of the feasts to come when he returned home.

Christopher was an old man now—very old. He prided himself upon being the only one from his home town to remember old Doc Merrivale, who had died when Christopher was seven. But lately he had tried not to think of the Doctor, because it invariably reminded him of that pain around his heart, those endless seconds, during which he was gripped by the intolerable agony that rendered him helpless. It seemed to Christopher, that the attacks were becoming more and more frequent, but he said nothing. It would not do to see a doctor—no—a doc-

tor would rob him of precious pennies.

Every day, winter and summer, Christopher went to the little book shop where he clerked for Mr. Tilden. He had many friends amongst the regular customers, who, frequently came in search of the rare editions to be found in just such little out-of-the-way book shops. Every one knew of Christopher's ambition to go home, and every one humoured and encouraged him.

One morning, however, Christopher did not stay long at Mr. Tilden's book store. He was dusting the books very carefully—as he always did—when the dreaded pain seized him. He could do nothing, and in this state, Mr. Tilden came upon him.

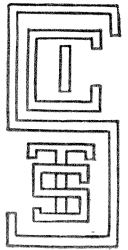
That afternoon Christopher woke up in a clean, white hospital room. Soft-footed nurses moved in the background, grace-faced doctors stood in consultation by his bed. To Christopher's feeble query of, "Where am I?"—one kindly grey-haired doctor answered—assuring him that all was well and that he would be going home in a few days. The doctor turned away that Christopher might not see the look—that look that would warn him of what the doctor knew to be only too true.

A few days later a feeble, little old man peered eagerly out of the window of a train that was stopping at a little country station.

"Oh God," he quavered, "I thank Thee . . . At last . . . I'm going home."

Yes—Christopher was going home!

—EDITH HUGHES, 4-A.



"THERE'S NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN"

Prize Essay

To the majority of my readers this statement probably sounds absurd, for do we not consider such inventions as the aeroplane, the submarine and the radio, to-day's games, and the latest jokes and fiction as being distinctly new? But are they?

Yes, the construction of these different inventions is new. But let us consider the materials with which they are made.

Science has proven through the law of "The Conservation of Matter," that matter is neither created nor destroyed. There is no material in the world to-day that has not been here since the world began. Elements are unchanging. The men and women of the present age have merely used their ideas to make use of these elements and combine them to form different substances containing the same, never-changing material.

Why, even the ideas for our so-called modern inventions are not new. We will take as an example the aeroplane. When God created the earth He placed there birds which were man's first models for aeroplanes. The Greeks, hundreds of years ago became possessed with the idea of flying, and old Greek legends tell of a man who constructed a pair of wings and attempted to fly from the top of a tall building. In the nineteenth century the idea was further developed by Tennyson in his poem "Locksley Hall," in which he prophesied "things that fly and take the world by storm." All the modern man had to do was combine "age old ideas" and "age old materials" and bring forth the "Hawk," "Moth," "Eaglerock" and "Swallow" aeroplanes of to-day.

Secondly, let us consider the Morse Code and wireless which sprang into being in the last century. When did the ideas for these "modern" inventions first originate? History shows that the savages in the jungles, hundreds of years ago, sent messages by means of their tom-

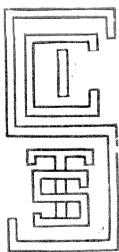
toms, or the "grape-vine telegraph." The modern man has simply adapted the old ideas to more modern trends and produced for us our modern telegraph and wireless system of to-day.

Lastly, we have our submarine, another "modern" invention. Although this mode of exploring the depths of the ocean is undeniably new, scientists have recently discovered that even when Roman civilization was at its height, people were curious to fathom the mysteries of "Davy Jones' Locker" and did so by means of diving bells which were the forerunners of our modern submarine. Centuries later, in 1866, Jules Verne wrote his fantastic book, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," in which he described an under-water journey by means of submarines, which were not then invented. With such inspiration as this, was it very difficult for our men of the twentieth century to make the dream a reality?

No, our so-called "modern" inventions are not "new."

Also did you ever stop to consider that many of the games played at the present time were played after the same fashion hundreds of years ago? For example, it has been discovered that the Incas, or natives of South America, played a game thousands of years ago that was almost identical to our modern game of basket-ball. It is also known that the Chinese played card games long before the western world became civilized.

As for our latest jokes and fiction, it has been said that there is no such a thing as an original joke. It is true that the majority of our "original" jokes of to-day are heard with scorn by our elders who remark that "Adam told that to Eve in the Garden of Eden." Yet there is always someone to whom the joke sounds very new and original. The same principle holds true for our fiction where there are no original plots.



Why, even our science is not new, for it has recently been discovered that Darwin's theory of evolution, written in the nineteenth century, was worked out by the rabbis over twenty centuries ago.

There is nothing new under the sun.

Even before automobiles were invented, Noah drove his ark around for forty days and forty nights before he could find a place to park.

—BEATRICE MOLYNEUX.

THE PROBLEM OF WORLD PEACE

Probably the gravest and most discussed problem in the world to-day is the problem of maintaining world peace and preventing war. Everyone from the statesman in the federal house to the ordinary man in the street is discussing with his fellow-workers the likelihood of war. Even the nations are not idle but are increasing their armaments and powers of defence. Over all Europe hangs the expectancy of war and people are ready at any time for the spark that will set aflame all the powers of destruction of the nations just as in 1914.

Among all the nations there is constant talk of peace. Countless "good-will" visits are being made by the statesmen of one country to another. Many "peace conferences" which outwardly seemed successful, have not been able to break down the menacing and suspicious attitude which still persists among the countries of Europe and Asia. After endorsing the movement for peace, the nations proceed to carry out this plan by building up their own defence. There is no trust or confidence but only suspicion and jealousy.

Let us now consider the causes of war. A contented nation never starts a war. It is the nation obsessed by jealousy or greediness which is invariably the attacker. Although a country sometimes attacks another in retaliation for some outrage, this is exceptional. Often selfishness or quarrelsomeness is the cause. But the real underlying reason is the lack of good-fellowship and understanding among the nations of the world. If each country were on friendly terms with her neighbours, she would not be jealous or envious because her neighbours had more col-

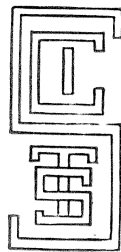
onies or territory than she, nor would she start a war by trying to wrest her possessions from them.

Then there is the armament industry. If complete international disarmament were possible, the manufacture of armaments would be extinct. It is an industry which ought not to exist and would not exist if there were good-fellowship between nations. Without the armament industry war would be impossible.

The destiny of the world lies to-day in the hands of the leading men such as Hitler, of Germany and, Mussolini, of Italy. Their power is almost absolute. With their millions of followers they could unite the world in a bond of peace, did they so desire, just as they also have the power to throw the universe into the chaos of war. They have the power; it is for them to choose to what advantage they shall use it.

One of the most criticized organizations in the world is the League of Nations. People say that the League has been a dismal failure, that it is of no value. They forget that the League is made up of their own representatives and if the League is a failure it is because the members refuse to co-operate. Instead of agreeing with the decision of the League the members become indignant and withdraw from the organization. There is nothing wrong with the League; it has proved of great value in many crises. It is the members of the League who are all wrong.

The trouble in the world to-day seems to be lack of co-operation. Each country lives in fear of her neighbour; nation is pulling against nation. The attainment



of peace lies in contentment and as long as the nations cannot learn to be satisfied with what they have, we can expect the

world to remain in the state of turmoil in which we see it to-day.

—HELEN REEVES, 4-A.

ON FANCIFUL STREET

When life seems to have become a series of disappointments; when home, family and friends all add to ones boredom, what a solace we find in flights of imagination.

So, often I leave this humdrum existence and let my thoughts take me through strange adventures, into odd fantastic countries never reached by wireless or telephone or traversed by trains, aeroplanes or boats. One must take these journeys in solitude, but, let us relieve together one of my strange journeys along fanciful street.

We have all gazed upon that mysterious and romance-inspiring disc that sails the heavens so majestically at night—our moon—but I have mingled with the strange people who inhabit this disc. I have wandered, unobserved, down the main street of what appeared to be their most important city.

I arrived in the early morning, when the strange beauty that I beheld could be fully appreciated in the profound stillness.

At first, my eyes, used to the comparative dullness of our earth, were dazzled by the scintillating beauty of the panorama spread before them. The houses were built entirely of glass, with so many corners, and turrets that the whole gave an impression of being constructed of precious stones. The light shimmered upon their myriads of colours, which seemed to be incessantly changing.

With a great effort I focused my eyes upon their glittering radiance sufficiently long to discover that, while there were no windows, each house had a door. A door—what a humble inadequate name for the glorious slabs of gold and mother of pearl which served as entrances and opened upon verandahs of plated glass pillared by huge prisms.

The light began to change and I realized that the bustle of an awakening city was all around me.

The pavements, which also appeared to be vast expanses of plate glass, must have been very thick and hard, for, over them trundled gigantic carts, drawn by mammoth animals resembling our ancient dinosaurs.

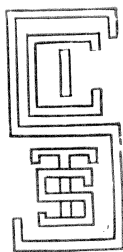
The carts presented another gorgeous spectacle. They were fashioned in some wrought metal, pink in color, and polished to a crystal brilliancy. They passed me in twos and threes, all going toward the large town square at the end of the street. I decided to follow in their wake and perhaps catch a glimpse of the towns people who basked in all this barbaric splendour.

Reaching the square, I found a motley gathering of moon-dwellers of all ages, busily engaged in the business of barter. These primitive people, for such they surely were, still practised this form of trade. Each traded what he already had for that which he desired. The carts were laden with strange roots, and curious fruits. These the children eagerly snatched and devoured, as their parents traded choice skins, or clumsy weapons for them.

The people were in such extreme contrast to their surroundings that I was aghast. They were tiny grotesque figures, with huge heads resting almost on their shoulders, and long hairy arms. Their only garment consisted of the skins of some unknown animal, and their heads and bodies were innocent of any adornments.

Thinking to rest my bedazzled eyes I glanced skywards. To my amazement there was no sun, and not a cloud marred the even tenor of the blue.

Suddenly the explanation of the exten-



sive use of glass for all construction dawned on me. The city was on the side away from the sun, because the thinness of the atmosphere around the moon would have made it impossible to endure the heat of the sun. Hence everything had to be so constructed that it would reflect the tiniest ray of light from the other planets.

While pondering this thought, I heard a faint voice calling my name. Bewildered

I glanced around. The scene faded and I found myself in front of the fireplace in my own home. My mother was calling to remind me that as yet my homework was undone.

My brief sojourn upon the moon ended, I prepared to pick up the threads of my life where I had dropped them.

Ho-Hum! Where did I put my algebra?

—VIRGIL PORTER, 3-A.

REFLECTIONS

To-day, I made my way across the frozen river to the island, my skates carrying me swiftly like a low-flying bird. On a small dock near the island I sat in pensive mood.

It seemed to me hours later when I perceived in the distance a beautiful green canoe, manoeuvred by two occupants—Indians? They neared my dock and I could see that they were two young white girls, who were apparently not even aware of my presence. Their voices blended perfectly in a humorous song, and then, the one girl, stretched out, her dark headoutlined against the canoe, eyes upward to the sky, sang alone. Beautiful, low rich notes such as I had never heard before. The girl in the bow, paddled with rhythmic strokes.

I was afraid they had not seen the yacht that cut its way through the motionless waters. Their small craft was carried high by a wave, it dropped out of sight, was lifted, again and again. My two friends were laughing. At first I thought they laughed at my fear—but I remembered they had not seen me.

Now I followed their admiring glances to the river bank. These girls seemed to delight in the rustling green trees, the wild flowers, a solitary squirrel. For an instant their love of life communicated itself to me. This was life, life in the open—next to "that" which cannot be defined.

They were directly opposite me now. I reached out and touched a curling lock of the younger girl's hair. They held

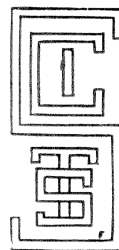
on to my dock and watching in the river, pointed out to each other the green seaweed, a broken bottle, a piece of pottery glistening on the bed of the river. One dipped her paddle to disturb a small school of minnows. Fascinated, I watched the circling disturbance it caused.

By this time, near the shore, they reached over the side of the canoe, picking up handfuls of gravel. They sifted it through their fingers—delighting in the bright or odd stones. And all the time they laughed and talked. What memories, what pleasures they had been through together. Damon and Pythias knew no greater love than these.

The sun was sinking lower in the west. I turned around to watch. The girls knelt in silent prayer. I laughed—and suddenly—I did not laugh. The silence was broken only by the church-bell of the village. Then, silent still, they headed downstream. They drifted slowly with the current. The canoe silhouetted against the western sky was silent as a huge floating bird.

From the depths of the boat, a beautiful twilight song emerged. I could just see the hand that reached up over the side to guide the paddle. Motionless, the girls must have been. The canoe drifted on.

Twilight had painted the waters a rich gold—matching the lights on a black freighter which was gliding up the river. Someone whistled from the large boat, someone answered from the small craft.

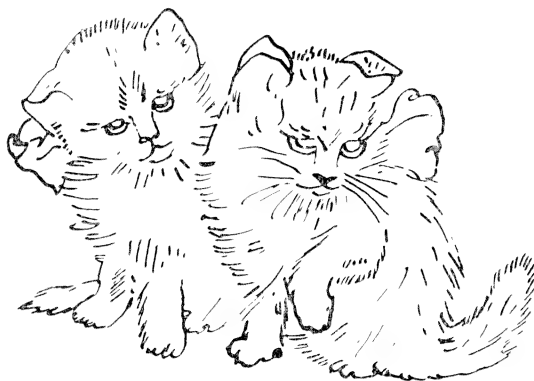


I heard their salutations echo and re-echo. Soon both ships passed out of sight and I—I was left alone.

Cruel reality! Why can I not go on recalling more of the days gone by? Dusk reminded me that it was time to return home. Those good old summer days had passed. I skated up the shore, and then,

a sudden change of mood found me half-way across the river. There I stopped, and, looking north and south as far as possible, realized how near, these waters, these scenes, these memories, would always be to my inmost self.

—MILLCENT MACGREGOR.



MILDRED PORTER





*By Heaven and by Heaven alone
Are the seeds of poesy sown.*

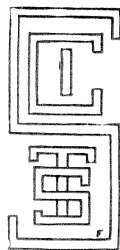
NIGHT

Prize Winning Poem

The night is a pedlar and his pack
Is full of the loveliest things.
Last night, he showed on a velvet tray
A million diamond rings.
He placed a shawl of silver mist
Over the sleeping vales,
And the hills had shining ribbons to wear
Instead of dusty trails.
He shrouded the distant woods and fields
With curtains of shadowy green;
His silver beads on the slumb'ring flow'rs
Could well adorn a queen.
He gave to the mountains old and gray,
Some shimmering fans to hold,
And to the moths, the fragile wings
Of creamy pink and gold,
While all the trees he dressed in gowns
Of delicate black lace,
And to each mushroom newly sprung,
He gave an elfish face.

But ere I had a chance to count
All of these trinkets rare,
And gather them, and fondle them,
And touch them all with care,
From out the East, in crimson robes,
Quite silently came Day.
She gathered them all gently up,
And carried them away.

—JOAN DAVID.



A BOOK

I picked up a book with its pages torn,
With the printing blurred and the cover worn,
But I noted not, for the book's romance
Can thrill me still and my heart entrance.

When later I read of her lover killed,
My heart grew sad and my eyes were filled;
For the pathetic tenderness, passion, appeal,
Seemed not just fiction, but rather quite real.

A book may fill us with words of magic
Or soften our souls by deeds so tragic,
Our hopes and our troubles all fade away
And we live in the world of another day.

We dream away till our story is past,
And on coming back to our world at last,
With our book laid aside our thoughts still dwell
On the words of charm and their magic spell.

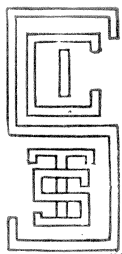
—HELEN PELLING.

THE LURE OF THE SEA

Once more I hear that mystic call—
The call of the open sea;
The call that grows louder every day,
It hastens, beckons me—
Once more to roam on the billowing foam
And know that I am free.
Oh! I'll never be the same again,
Until I reach the sea.

Oh! to feel the cutting wind,
And see the flying spray,
And flee before the fading stars
Wane into a new born day.
To see the dim horizon rim
Fade before my sight;
To face the unknown, wide expanse
And come safely home at night.

JOAN DAVID.



EVENTIDE

Daytime sounds are fading,
And the air is calm and sweet;
The sun has lengthened shadows
All down the shady street.

The birds have hushed their warbles
In the twilight hour of rest;
They seem to know that it's the time
Of day that I love best.

I love to watch the sunset
Linger through the trees,
And hear the leaves a-rustling
As they whisper in the breeze.

Oh, it's nice when all is quiet
And the day's turmoil has ceased,
To just lie back in languor
And enjoy some well-earned peace.

—VIOLET WAREHAM.



WHEN JUNE COMES

When June comes in my garden here, I see
A row of hollyhocks, sedate and tall,
Lift stately heads beside a gray rock wall.
They bow with grace and seem to smile at me
In greeting for my hospitality,
Like gallant suitors waiting in the hall
To be admitted to my house with all
Its quiet depth and sweet serenity.
Who knows but in some distant glamorous past
These were my lovers, come back at last,
Content to live an hour, die for me!
To give me happiness they stand and wait
In glowing colours here beside my gate,
My faithful friends through all eternity.

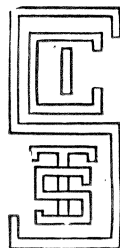
—MARIE FORBES.



THE WIND

The wind wrote a piece of music
And sweetly piped to me;
I wish I could have captured it
In an earthly melody.

He made the flowers dance and sway,
And made the leaves to fall;
He made the ivy shadows dance
Upon the old stone wall.



He made the white caps bob about
Upon the open river;
He made the corn to bend and bow
And made the poplars shiver.

If I could but have captured it,
I would have fame to-day;
But wind is so elusive—
He slipped noiselessly away.

—I. D.



SHADOWS

At break of day the shadows come,
And with the breezes play,
Until at night the sun goes down
And steals them all away.

The early shadows, soft and faint,
As the sun mounts in the sky,
All grow clearer, more distinct,
As the morning hours pass by.

The shadows are like castles
We build in sunny Spain,
Of joyous hopes and laughter,
And free from care or pain.

Then comes the noon-tide of our lives
When each his part must play,
And ceaseless care, and sordid strife,
Have wiped our dreams away.

Our Spanish castles vanish
'Neath reason's clear, cold light,
On paths of stern, hard duty
And strife 'twixt might and right.

Then as the sun is setting
And shadows longer grow,
Once more to aged persons
Come the dreams of long ago.

E. HARGROVE.



LITTLE THINGS

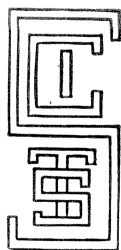
I stood enrapt with wonder
At the beauty that I saw
In the golden sunset
That filled me so with awe.

I gloried in the blossom
That fell from the apple trees;
It seems as if God's present
In all the little things one sees.

I never saw a flower
That bloomed in sun or shade,
But that I remembered the sacrifice
That our Lord hath made.

I never saw a robin
In the early spring
But that I thought of Him above
Who made the robin sing.

—VIOLET WAREHAM.



les langues modernes
MODERN LANGUAGES
modernen sprachen 木 modernaj lingvoj
las lenguas vivas 木 moderni mowwy

"The voice of man has many tongues"

SHALL WE CORRESPOND?

Last year when the opportunity was given us to correspond with a boy or girl in a secondary school in France, we, for the most part seized it, not knowing just what was expected of us, but quite attracted by the thought of receiving mail from overseas.

In England and Scotland it is possible for a certain number of students to spend their vacations in French or German homes. At the same time a corresponding number of students from the Continent holiday in Britain. In this way the students concerned get a wide knowledge of the customs, modes of living and language of the people of the country visited. Unfortunately, we haven't the same opportunity in Canada, but we can correspond with a student of English in France or Germany.

In corresponding, with few exceptions, the knowledge acquired may be obtained in books in a much clearer style. This inability to understand just what the writer means is enhanced by the fact that we are unfamiliar with the handwriting of the French, not to mention the difficulty of reading German script.

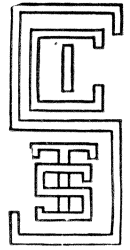
The proper way to carry on such a correspondence is for each person to write

in his or her own language. In most cases, however, we like to write in the foreign language and this condition adds to the general difficulty of understanding the letters when they are received.

Another difficulty encountered is the length of time which must elapse before we receive a reply to our letter. If our correspondent be French, it requires about about four weeks and if German, a somewhat longer period. It is not easy to keep interest alive when the letters are so infrequent, and where it appears that we have so little in common. It has been proven, however, that such a correspondence can be beneficial and become easier, especially after the first few rather stilted letters and the correspondents are properly introduced.

Several students of French and German in the school write regularly to Europe and according to all reports are enjoying it immensely, although it was a decided effort at the start.

In addition to the long-distance friendships which we make by our letters, another great benefit derived from them, is the idiomatic way in which we see the language before us. We have probably no other opportunity of reading foreign



languages as they are spoken to-day.

In this connection, I am having printed the first two letters received from my two friends in France and Germany with the dual hope that you will enjoy them

as much as I did and that they will put us in the proper frame of mind for the rest of this section.

—MARGARET EACRETT, COLL. 5-A.

Paris le 2/4/34.
36 Rue Hamelin.

Ma chère Margaret:

Mon professeur d' Anglais m' a donné votre nom pour que je corresponde avec une jeune fille canadienne ce que je désirais ardemment. Vous êtes ma première correspondante canadienne. Je n' ai fait que deux années d' anglais mais c'est avec plaisir que j' essaierai de vous écrire en anglais.

J'habite à Paris surnommée avec raison "la ville lumière." Paris est la ville où siège le gouvernement, et les grandes administrations de l' Etat C'est là que l'on rencontre les facultés et les écoles supérieures les plus renommés de France. Il y a environ trois millions d' habitants ce qui est déjà considérable. Paris est divisé en vingt arrondissement le seizième où je demeure est un des plus riches. Paris est une très belle ville on y de nombreux monuments, de grandes avenues et des Boulevards.

Dans mon quartier on rencontre la Tour Eiffel l'arc de Triomphe construit par Napoléon—à la gloire de la grande armée le trocadero etc. tous les monuments sont des merveilles. D'ailleurs vous pourrez en juger vous même d' après les cartes postales que je vous mets dans cette lettre. Je vais dans une école complémentaire où l' on prépare le Brevet élémentaire.

taire. Je suis en deuxième année Generale. C'est une simple école et en dehors des heures de classe les élèves ne se réunissent pas. A quelle école allez-vous?

Pratiquez-vous les sports? Moi je joue au tennis et quelquefois je vais canoter avec ma soeur sur le lac du Bois de Boulogne.

J' ai un frère et deux soeurs mon frère s'appelle Jean, ma soeur la plus âgée à vingt-quatre et la deuxième à vingt ans. Moi je suis la plus jeune, J'ai quatorze ans Je suis assez grande pour mon âge. Je suis blonde chatin j'ai les yeux bleus et un teint assez claire. D'ailleurs pour compléter cette description qui ne serait pas assez précise Je vous envoie ma photo (Je vous en mets deux une des vacances dernières et l'autre qui date de pâques).

J'espère vous écrire plus longuement dans ma prochaine lettre.

Votre amie lointaine qui attend avec impatience de vos nouvelles.

ODETTE.

P.S.—J'ai une petite amie qui désirait correspondre avec une canadienne pourriez vous m'envoyer une adresse d'une de vos camarades.

Mon adresse:

Mademoiselle Odette Le Comte,
36 rue Hamelin
Paris 15,
France.

Berlin-Buch,
d 31 Januar 1935.

Liebe Freundin aus Kanada!

Vor einigen Tagen hat mir meine englische Lehrerin Fräüline Arndt Ihren lieben Brief gegeben. Ich habe mich sehr darüber gefreut denn ich habe mir schon lange gewünscht eine Freundin in Amerika zu besitzen. Mein Wunsch ist nun erfüllt worden, und ich möchte etwas

von mir berichten. Ich wohne in Buch, einem Vorort von Berlin and fahre jeden Morgen mit der Baron ein paar Orte weiter zur Schule. Ich lerne als Fremdsprachen nur Englisch und Französisch. Daheim haben wir jetzt auf der Schule noch nicht. Die englische Sprache habe ich sehr gern, Französisch habe ich nicht so gern. Ich bin fünfzehn Jahre alt und seit fünf Jahren auf dieser Schule. Ich

interessiere mich sehr für Musik, aber meinen Klavierunterricht habe ich vor einiger Zeit aufgegeben denn ich spiele seit meinem achten Lebensjahre Klavier.

Geschwister habe ich nicht, aben nun so mehr Freundinnen. Auch besitze ich einen Hund, einen kleinen brauen Reh-pintscher and eine Katze. Ich bin sehr tierliebend und bin selten allein, denn wenn meine Eltern einmal fortgehen, so leistet mit mein Hund Gesellschaft, Früher habe ich oft Brief nach Americka geschrieben denn ich habe in her nähe von Neu York Verwandte.

Ich war eigentlich eis b'szchen erstaunt dass ich einen deutschen Brief erhalten habe Und ich möchte gern einen Vorsch-

lag machen. Ich möchte Ihnen gern einmal einen deutschen und dann einen englischen Brief schreiben. Hoffentlich sind Sie damit einverstanden. Nun muss ich diesen ersten Brief leider beenden da ich noch für die Schule arbeiten muss. Nächstesmal wird mein Brief länger, denn ich habe eigentlich noch sehr viel zu berichten. Ich freue mich schon furchtbar auf Ihren nächsten Brief.

Mit den besten Grüßen und auf gute Freundschaft,

ANNEMARIE HERRMAN.

Meine genaue Adresse ist

Fräulein Annemarie Herrmann,
Deutschland, Berlin-Buch,
Schönowersstrasse 44.

LES TROIS QUESTIONS

Il y avait une fois un grand empereur, qui possédait beaucoup de richesses et de royaumes. Mais un jour il vit une abbaye qu'il voulait avoir pour un château, ainsi il fit venir l'honnête abbé et lui dit: "Monsieur l'abbé, j'ai trois questions que je vais vous poser. Vous y répondrez dans trois mois, sinon vous perdrez votre abbaye." Puis l'empereur lui posa ces trois questions. "Combien est-ce que je vau? Combien de temps me faudrait-il pour faire le tour du monde à cheval? A quoi est-ce que je pense et comment est-ce que je me trompe?"

Le pauvre abbé rentra chez lui très triste. Nuit et jour il songeait aux questions de l'empereur, mais il ne pouvait trouver une seule réponse. Il ne pouvait ni dormir ni manger.

Un jour il était allé aux champs pour y mediter et il y rencontra son berger. "Monsieur l'abbé," dit celui-ci, "êtes-vous malade. Vous êtes si maigre et si pâle." Puis l'abbé lui raconta ce que l'empereur lui avait dit.

"Mais, monsieur," dit le berger, "ne vous inquiétez pas; on a dit que je vous ressemble, prêtez-moi votre robe, et j'irai à votre place répondre à l'empereur."

Enfin l'abbé y consentit et le berger,

vêtu de la robe de l'abbé, alla au palais. "Sire," dit-il à l'empereur, "je suis venu vous donner la réponse à vos questions. Premièrement, je dois dire combien vous valez. Notre Sauveur fut vendu pour trente pièces d'argent, et vous, noble empereur, vous ne eroyez pas valoir plus que lui. Je dis donc que vous valez vingt-neuf pièces d'argent."

L'empereur ne pouvait pas le contredire et il dit, "Vous avez bien répondu. Maintenant, que dites vous à ma deuxième question."

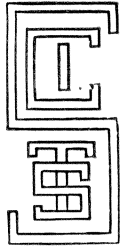
"Sire," dit l'abbé prétendu, "si vous partez à cheval au lever du soleil et galopez aussi vite que le soleil, vous ferez le tour du monde en vingt-quatre heures."

"C'est vrai," dit l'empereur étonné. "Mais maintenant vous ne pouvez répondre à ma dernière question."

"Mais, oui! Vous pensez que je suis l'abbé "et ôtant sa robe et se montrant dans son habit de berger, it dit, "Vous vous trompez, je suis son berger."

D'abord l'empereur voulait se fâcher mais puis il éclata de rire, et il ordonna à l'abbé de donner une riche récompense au berger habile.

—MARGARET RITCHIE, 5-B.



LE CHEVAL NOIR DE SAINT AUGUSTIN

Il y a longtemps quand la Nouvelle France était jeune demeurait au village de Saint Augustin, un beau jeune prêtre. La nuit où cette histoire commence, le jeune homme, couché dans son lit pensait toujours à l'église neuve qu'il allait bâtir. Il se demandait comment il pourrait décider ses paroissiens paresseux et soupçonneux à aider avec la construction d'une église neuve. Dehors grondait le vent avec acharnement et la neige s'entassait dans l'éclaircie. L'âme du prêtre se perdait aux pensées saintes quand tout à coup une voix douce chuchota. "François! François! Que la paix soit avec toi!"

Le prêtre sauta du lit et s'agenouilla, les bras croisés et murmura "Ave Maria! Ave Maria!" Puis la voix continua en disant, "Demain, à la porte d'entrée un beau cheval noir paraîtra. Je vous avertis que ce cheval est le diable déguisé mais si vous prenez garde, vous pourrez faire vous en servir bien. Autour de son cou se trouve un frein d'or qui a été trempé dans l'eau bénite. Tant que ce frein sera autour du cou de ce cheval il travaillera tant que vous voudrez mais il faut que vous n'ôtiez jamais ce frein ou un grand malheur arrivera. Que le bon Dieu vous bénisse." Après cela le prêtre effrayé se coucha et médita sur ce que le saint lui avait dit.

Le lendemain il se réveilla et voici le

cheval noir avec le frein d'or. Toutes les gens étaient ébahis de la grandeur de ce cheval mais le prêtre, se souvenant de la prophétie du saint fit commencer aux hommes la construction de l'église. Le cheval tirait la charrette chargée de grès d'une vitesse si incroyable que au bout de quelques jours l'ouvrage fut presque achevé. Mais le fils de Jacques, le voiturier devint très madade tout à coup et il demanda à son voisin Narcisse de conduire le cheval noir. Jacques avait soin d'avertir à Narcisse qu'il ne détachât le frein, mais Narcisse était très obstiné et il était impossible de lui donner du conseil car il pensait tout savoir.

Vers le soir comme Narcisse conduisait la charrette chargée de grès, il arriva à un petit ruisseau. Il arrêta la charrette pour laisser boire le cheval. Le cheval buvait avec difficulté et oubliant l'avertissement de Jacques, Narcisse détacha le frein. Tout à coup le ruisseau dessécha, —un coup de foudre, une grande flamme, un coup de tonnerre et la charrette, le cheval et Narcisse tous disparurent dans la terre.

Mais le grès avait été tout transporté pour l'église et pendant des années la grande église de Saint Augustin se levait dans une grandeur superbe au-dessus des petites maisons du village.

—FRED B. RAINSBERRY, 5-B.



DAS KALTE HERZ

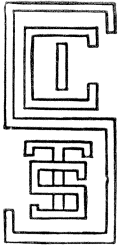
Im Dezember wurde ein deutsches Programm in der Schule aufgeführt. Die Schüler des Zweiten Jahres sangen zwei Lieder "Stille Nacht" und "Du, du liegst mir im Herzen." Jim Williamson spielte ein Geigensolo "Liebesraum" und am Ende des Programms sang Fräulein Welman ein schönes Lied "Guten Abend, gute Nacht." Auch tanzten einige Mädchen.

DIE PERSONEN WAREN:

das Glasmännlein—Eileen Cruickshanks
der Höllander Michel—Jean Phillips

Peter Munk—Fred Rainsberry
der reiche Ezechiel—Earl Steinman
der Tanzbodenkönig—Angus Lott
der Wirt—Jack Clunie
Frau Munk—Katherine Hayes
Frau Lisbeth—Catherine Wilson
Maria—Helen Pelling

Ehe das Schauspiel begann, erklärte Fräulein, Taylor die Geschichte des Schauspiels "Das Kalte Herz." Nach der Geschichte trieb einmal das Glasmännlein, ein gutes Geistchen, seinen Spuk im Schwarzwald. Er hülfe den Kin-



dern, die an einem sonntag zwischen elf und zwei Uhr geboren wurden, wenn sie das Sprüchlein wüssten. An der anderen Seite des Waldes wohnte der Holländer Michel, ein sehr böser Kerl. Peter, der ein armer Kohlenbrenner war, rief das Glasmännlein an, und bat das Geistchen, ihm zu helfen. Das Glasmännlein gab zu Peter drei Wünsche. Der erste war, "Immer so viel Geld in der Tasche zu haben wie der reiche Ezechiël." Ezechiël war der reichste Spieler in der Runde. Nun ging Peter oft in das Wirtshaus und als Ezechiël viel Geld trug, hatte Peter immer auch Geld zu verspielen.

Eines Sonntags, als Peter und Ezechiël zusammen spielten, verspielte Ezechiël seinen letzten Gulden und also hatte Peter auch nichts. Man war im Wirtshaus sehr froh. Die deutschen Mädchen tanz-

ten und sangen. Die anderen Spieler waren ja, glücklich, aber Peter war sehr traurig.

Er ging in den Wald und rief den Holländer Michel. Vielleicht würde er ihm helfen. Plötzlich erschien dieser vor Peter und er fang an mit lauter Stimme zu sprechen. Er gab zu Peter einen Beutel voll Gold und ein Steinernes Herz.

Dann wurde Peter gegen seine Frau sehr ungütig. Er schickte seine alte Mutter seiner Heimat hinaus. Dann wurden sie alle unglücklich. Endlich sah Peter, wie schlecht er wirklich war. Wieder rief er das Glasmännlein an. Es half ihnen allen wieder ruhig und froh sein. Das Märchen endigt sich indem sie sagen "Lebe wohl, gutes Glasmännlein, leb' wohl."

—HELEN PELLING, 4-A.

DIE SCHILDEBURGER

(Diese kleine Geschichte ist eine von vielen Märchen des deutschen Volks).

Die Bürger von Schilde waren so dumm, dass sie einmal ein Rathaus ohne Fenster bauten. Als sie bemerkten, dass sie nicht sehen konnten, wunderten sie sich, "Warum können wir nicht sehen?" und sie entschlossen sich morgens eine Ratsversammlung zu haben.

Als sie sich mit ihren Lampen versammelten, sagte ein geschickter Bursche, "Wir müssen das Licht des Tages in das Rathaus bringen, "Und den nächsten Tag, brachten die Leute alle die Säcke, Pfannen und Kisten in das Haus, wo sie sie entleerten. Aber es war nicht besser.

Ein Reisender riet ihnen, das Dach

abzulegen, und die Leute waren sehr glücklich, da sie im Rathaus sehen konnten.

Wenn aber der Regen und der Schnee im Winter kamen, waren die Schildebürger weider traurig, denn sie mussten das Dach wieder hinstellen.

Wieder hatten sie eine Ratsversammlung, aber es war vergebens, Endlich sah ein alter mann einen Sonnenstrahl auf seinen Bart fallen, als er die Tür suchte, um das Haus zu verlassen.

Dann sagte er "Wir sollen einige Fenster haben," und niemand hatte früher daran gedacht.

—DONNA CLEMENTS, 3-A.

FORGET-ME-NOT

There grow some lovely flowers,
In green grass groves of ours;
So bright and blue their eyes,
They seem like bits of skies.

They haven't much to say,
Repeating night and day,
They breathe a single thought,
Just this: "Forget-Me-Not!"

—DONNA CLEMENTS, 3-A.

VERGISSMEINNICHT

Es blüht ein schönes Blümchen
Auf unsrer grünen Au';
Sein Aug' ist wie der Himmel,
So heiter und so blau.

Es weiss nicht viel zu reden,
Und alles, was es spricht,
Ist immer nur dasselbe,
Ist nur: Vergissmeinnicht!

—Fallersleben.



COMMENCEMENT

An exceptionally large number of students and friends attended the Commencement Exercises held in the School Auditorium on Friday evening, December the twenty-first.

The class of '34 was welcomed back to the school by the chairman, Mrs. W. J. Barber, who also paid tribute to the staff on their successful management of the school.

In speaking of the past school year, Mr. Asbury congratulated the teachers and pupils upon the outstanding scholastic record set up, and spoke favorably concerning the innovation of a five-period morning session, which gives most classes a study period each day.

The Reverend E. W. McKegney, rector of St. John's Church, used as the theme of his address to the graduates, "Make your world a better one." "We have failed to do much," he said, "and it is your duty to make this world a better place in which to live."

The Senior Rugby team, Wossa and

O.R.F.U. champions, were presented with their awards by Mr. Norman Perry, and Coach O'Donohue was presented with a gift by Jim Genner, captain of the squad.

Dorothy Frances Core and John Roland Hall were awarded the second and third Carter scholarships for Lambton County. Roger Vair Anderson received the D. M. Grant scholarship for superior standing in Middle School work; to Raymond Kember was presented the second General Motors of Canada scholarship for work in motor mechanics.

Presentations were made to the Drama Club, the School Orchestra, Swimming Champions, Field Day Champions, winners of Class Honours and members of last year's magazine staff.

Musical selections by the Senior Orchestra, a vocal solo by Miss Anna Heffron and a cornet solo by Robert Bury helped to make the program a pleasant and successful one.

◆◆◆

SECOND FORM LITERARY SOCIETY

Honorary President—Miss Walsh.

Vice-President—Isobel Mendizabal.

President—Isobel Dennis.

Secretary—Margaret Janes.

This year the Second Forms were unable to form an executive until February, and have had no meeting as yet.

The executive is planning a series of programs presenting scenes from various periods of British History. Preparations

for an Elizabethan hour are under way and include lyrics, Shakespearian extracts, poems and music of that era.

It is hoped that the interest of the pupils concerning the growth of the finer arts may be stimulated by these programs.



FIRST FORM LITERARY SOCIETY

Back Row—J. Hayes, Mr. Billingsley, G. Woods, D. Asbury.
Front Row—Ardel Watters, Pamela McClintock, Donna Culley, Iris Deem, Marjorie VanHorne.

FIRST FORM LITERARY SOCIETY

Hon. President—Mr. Billingsley. President—David Asbury. Secretary—Donna Culley

In October the First Forms decided upon an executive for the year, and later the representatives had a meeting when they planned their programs.

Late in November, a meeting of the entire Society was held, when the pupils

of 1-B and 1-E provided an interesting program consisting of a skit, "The Fatal Quest," dances and musical numbers.

In the latter part of February, a second meeting was held. The program by 1-A and 1-C was much enjoyed.

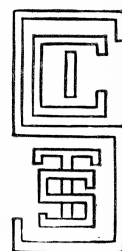
PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

Naomi Barron and Norman Brown represented the school in the 1934 Junior Wossa contest. Naomi Barron, speaking on the subject, "Soviet Russia for the past ten years," was second.

This year greater interest in the contest has been shown by the junior pupils especially. The excellent quality of all the speeches made it difficult for the judges to cast their decisions. Helen Heller and Isaac Zierler won first place among the first form contestants. The winners of the other classes were: Sen-

ior Girls, Jean Tyrie, speaking on "Modern Youth—a Defence;" Senior Boys, Francis DeJersey, speaking on "Electricity;" Junior Girls, Winnifred Durnford, speaking on "The Value of Physical Training in Schools;" and Junior Boys, Dick LeSueur, using "Thomas Edison" as his subject.

At the district contest held in Watford, all the Sarnia contestants took first place in their respective classes; the "Collegiate" extends to them its heartiest congratulations.



PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING CLUB

Back Row—R. Mendizabal, D. McFarlane, F. DeJersey, F. Rainsberry, S. Hossie, L. McKegney, M. Harris, D. Simpson.
 Middle Row—K. Cooke, Isabel Mendizabal, Marjorie Hawes, Marie Forbes, Miss Howden, Mr. Asbury, Geraldine Whitcombe, Gladys Giffin, Helen Pelling, Corolie Gort, L. Hossie.
 Front Row—K. Dagg, Beatrice Molyneaux, Jean Tyrie, J. Danner, Mr. Payne, R. Anderson, Katherine Hayes, Helen Morrison, J. Clunie.

DEBATING AND PUBLIC SPEAKING CLUB

Honorary President—Mr. Payne. President—Roger Anderson.
 Vice-President—John Danner. Secretary—Kathryn Hayes.
 Girls' Coach—Miss Howden.

An increasing number of students are taking advantage of the beneficial training afforded by the Debating and Public Speaking Club. As well as the growth of membership, greater enthusiasm has been felt among the newmembers.

Up until this time, two styles of debating have been used at the meetings. The parliamentary system gives the debater the privilege of advancing his own opinions on the subject, and should his mind be changed by the arguments of his opponents, he may speak in favor of the other side of the question; the Oregon style allows the speaker to question his opponent.

At the present time, the panel system is being introduced. This very informal plan consists of constructive speeches dealing with a timely problem.

Once in every five weeks a meeting is given over to public speaking; at these,

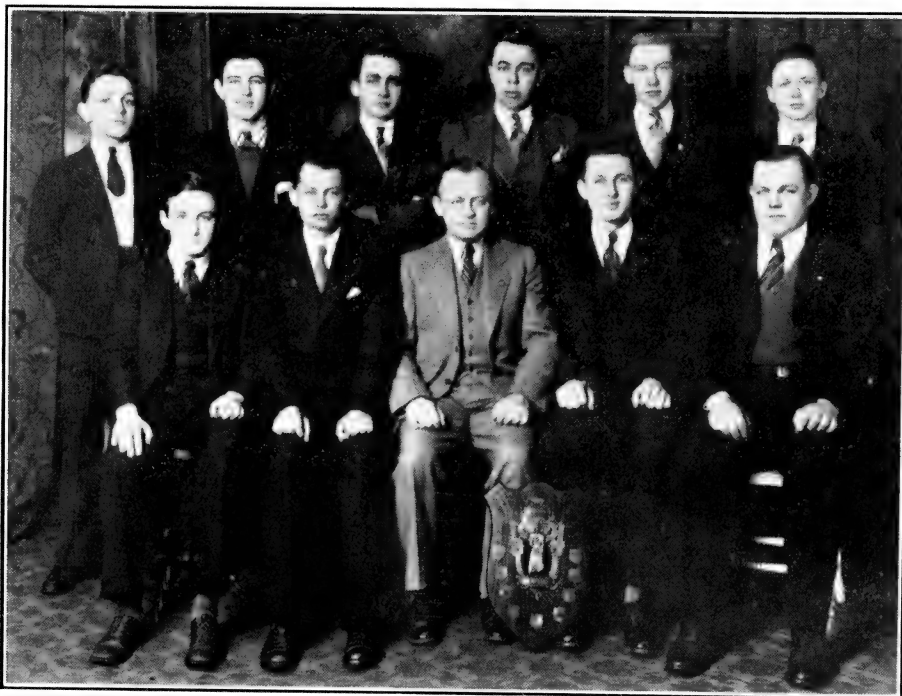
both impromptu and prepared speeches are given. This innovation has been appreciated greatly by those more interested in rhetoric than debating, and it is felt that this vital feature of the program should not be neglected.

INTER-FORM DEBATING

Last year the Lions Club of Sarnia made an addition to the trophy case when they offered the "Lions Club Shield for Inter-Form Debating."

Until last year there had been no similar contest held and interest became very keen. No Wossa debaters were allowed to participate in the events; there were three pupils on each team.

Nearly all the senior forms of the school were represented, and the final round lay between T-4 and T-2A. T-2A won the debate and were awarded the shield.



Back Row—J. Thain, Jack Clunie, Darcy Hunt, John Danner, Roger Anderson, Kingsley Dagg.
Front Row—Ray Coveney, L. Hall, Mr. Payne, M. Ramsay, J. Hayes.

WOSSA DEBATES

BOYS' DEBATES

The boys have been more favoured than the girls, and have succeeded in retaining, for the *third* consecutive year the Wossa Championship.

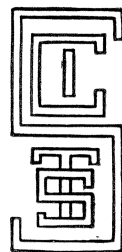
They made a brave beginning for the year when, in the latter part of October, they debated successfully both sides of the question, "Resolved: That public education in all the realities of war is the best preventative of war." Roger Anderson and Fred Rainsberry went to St. Thomas; Kingsley Dagg and Leonard Hossie remained at home.

At Chatham, Jack Clunie and Kingsley Dagg were unsuccessful in upholding the affirmative of "Resolved: That India should be given self-government." Roger Anderson and John Danner, however,

won the negative at home.

The effort of the boy debaters were crowned with success when the final Senior Boys' Wossa debate for the year was staged between London Central and the Sarnia Collegiate Institute on Monday, February 25th. Although each school won one debate, Sarnia by a narrow margin, defeated its rival, this allowing the school to keep in its possession, for another year, the Baconian Shield.

The subject for the discussion was, "Resolved: That the C. N. R. and C. P. R. should be amalgamated under government ownership." The speakers representing the S. C. I. at London in the afternoon debate, were Roger Anderson and Fred Rainsberry for the affirmative, while John Danner and Jack Clunie debated the negative at Sarnia in the even-



ing. Although the team debating at home were unsuccessful, great credit is due them as well as to the winning team for the excellent manner in which they handled the subject. The margin at London was 15 points while the boys at home lost by only one point. The honour should be attributed to not only the boys taking part in the final debate, however, but also to those who paved the way to this achievement by participating in the semi-finals.

The judges were Dr. Dobson of Alma College, St. Thomas, Dr. C. E. Mark of London Normal School, and Prof. H. E. Jenkins of the University of Western Ontario, London. Dr. Dobson, before giving the decision, commended the boys on the exceedingly high quality of both debates.

This year the debaters have been very successful in their competition with other schools, and they feel that this is due to the encouragement of Mr. Payne and Miss Howden, as well as the experience received at the weekly meetings of the Debating Club.

GIRLS' DEBATES ...

Although the girls lacked the few points which would have put them in the final debate, they offered a brave defence.

The first Wossa debate of the year was held late in October with Alma College. Geraldine Whitcombe and Jean Tyrie, representing S. C. I., upheld at St. Thom-

as the affirmative of the subject, "Resolved: That modern advertising serves the public interest," while Kathryn Hayes and Helen Morrison remained at home. The negative won in both cases.

Early in December, teams from St. Thomas and Sarnia, debated upon the subject, "Resolved: That Western influence, excluding Russia, has been more beneficial than harmful to China"; in both case the affirmative was successful. Helen Morrison and Margaret Doohan represented our school at St. Thomas. Jean Tyrie and Beatrice Molyneux at home.

In the latter part of January, the subject, "Resolved: In the event of Great Britain becoming involved in war, no Canadian troops should be allowed to leave officially unless the consent of the Canadian people be first obtained," was debated with London Central Collegiate. Kathryn Hayes and Beatrice Molyneux were unsuccessful in London but Margaret Doohan and Geraldine Whitcombe won the negative at home.

While the judges retired in order to arrive at a decision, a discussion was carried on by various numbers of the audience. After the judges made known their decision, the president of the London Central Debating Club led his fellow members in giving three cheers for Sarnia. The Sarnia enthusiasts returned the cheers for London, led by Roger Anderson.





*"A man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."*

MUSIC AND ITS ORIGIN

Music! What a thrill this one word sends through those who know and understand good music. When you pick up your radio program before turning on the set, and search the columns to see what is on, do you look to see what symphony concert or organ recital is listed, or what time you can get Bing Crosby? Perhaps the majority of us would do the latter. But why? Simply because we do not understand the classical music and therefore do not appreciate it. Some of us may be musically inclined but have never had a chance for a good education along that line, and since we do not like to be left out of the conversation when it turns towards the newest jazz numbers, we learn all the popular tunes and drift further away from the classical line. Unless we consciously develop an interest in good music, we will find ourselves in the "Jazz Rut." Perhaps the story of the origin and development of good music would help us to become more interested in it.

It was a very pretty little story that the Grecian people used to tell their children about a queer little fellow called "Pan." He had the head and body of a man; a tight curly beard, and two little horns sprouting out of his forehead. From the waist down he looked for all the world like a goat.

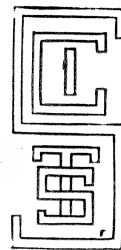
One day, as the story goes, Pan passed by a beautiful river, along the banks of which long reeds were growing. Pan tore off a handful of these and bunching them together formed a pipe which ever since has been known as the "Pipe of Pan."

The reeds were hollow and when he blew over their ends captivating sounds came forth. The Greeks thought that this was one of the ways in which music began, but they were mistaken, for music has been part of the life of man from earliest times.

Even the savages had some kind of music thousands of years before there was any Greece, or Egypt. Our own American Indians had quite wonderful music of their own even in early times.

How do we know music is so old? A stone picture, which was made 3,000 years before Christ, has been discovered in Egypt. It shows the musicians of those days carrying queer instruments, looking like miniature harps. As people came to know more and more, and rose above being mere savages, the art of music became finer and finer.

At first music was written with letters of the alphabet. Later, shapes that looked much like our present notes began to be used. Guido d'Arezzo who died about 1050 is said to have made the first real music staff. About 1200 the first good



way of marking time in music was discovered.

In the meantime the music in the church was progressing rapidly. Popes and bishops became greatly interested in music and did all in their power to better it.

Because of what was said in the last paragraph, do not think that music was used only in the church. Very little is known of how much people played or sang for the first 1,000 years after the birth of Christ, but we do know that people went from town to town singing and playing in the streets. Often these travellers were accompanied by dancing animals. Sometimes the musicians performed tricks themselves and were called jongleurs. During the Crusades many musical instruments were brought from the Holy Land. Often noblemen and even kings found delight in playing these simple instruments and used them when they serenaded their lady loves.

These singers were called troubadours in Spain and Italy but in France they were known as trouvères. The great Italian composer Verdi wrote a famous opera about the troubadours which is known to many of us, namely "Il Trovatore."

In Germany there were also singers like the troubadours and they were called minnesingers. The word "minne" means love, so these singers might also be called love-singers. The famous German composer Wagner has written an opera called "Tannhäuser" which tells about a contest held by the Minnesingers.

Now let us see how music was brought to the common people. Music and the making of music was not by any means to be kept from the common people. They could hear the travelling players and singers in the streets and the music in the churches. Of course this made them eager to have music of their own. In 1300 in the German city of Mainz there was founded a society known as the Meistersingers or Mastersingers. This was not a club of great masters but made up of master workmen (shoemakers, tailors,

goldsmiths and others) who through practice had made able singers of themselves. Most of the music was composed by the members of the group.

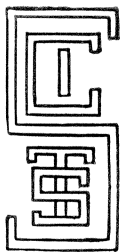
In France, Holland, Italy and England as well as in Germany, music workers were busy. Many of them were famous in that day but so little of their music is heard today that I will not bother you with their names.

The Harpischord, which had two manuals much like those of our modern pipe organ, was first made in 1590, over 100 years before the innovation of the piano.

About the year 1300 great changes began to take place in the world. People said the world was being re-born. It became kinder, more just and more wide-awake. In all the arts great men arose. Newer, quicker and better ways of doing things were discovered. The world was waking up. About 1526 another great leap was made in church music, which had again sunk to a low level. Palestrina, an Italian, was among the ones who helped greatly the advance in church music. He wrote many compositions of great value and for many years was head musician to the Pope at St. Peter's, a great church in Rome.

In Germany Martin Luther played a large part in the music of the Protestant church. He was by no means as great a musician as Palestrina, but he rearranged the pieces the people knew already and soon his revised hymns became loved by all the people and widely sung at church services.

Meantime people throughout Europe took great interest in seeing their favorite stories acted on the stage. From this beginning grew the oratorio, which is a sacred play, sung without scenery, costumes or acting, by a chorus and solo singers, accompanied by an orchestra. Some of these choruses have been known to contain over a thousand voices. The first oratorio was given in 1600. One of the best known of these is the "Messiah" written by Handel, and first given in Dublin, Ireland in 1742.



Two Italian composers wrote music to the plays "Dafne" and "Eurydice" so that the plays were sung instead of spoken. These were called operas. Many beautiful operas have been written. One of the greatest opera writers was the German composer Wagner. His chief operas were: "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin" and "Die Meistersinger."

From 1600 to the present day great advances have been made in music, but unless we are careful the good music which

even the common people once enjoyed will be displaced by Jazz. Surely we do not want the works of the great masters, which were once so thoroughly enjoyed to be cast away now as though they were of no value. To render good music requires patience and practice. Everybody cannot be a good musician but at least everyone can cultivate an interest in good music and learn to appreciate its artistic value.

—ELAINE WARD, COLL., 2-A.

ADELINA PATTI

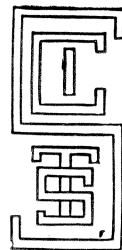
Music, either instrumental or vocal, has always been a source of enjoyment for me but recently my attention has been particularly attracted by the performance of opera over the radio. I wonder how well we appreciate the privilege that is ours, to be able to sit in our own homes and hear the rendition of an opera, hundreds of miles away? The emotional appeal of this music, which presents a series of pictures to the mind, which leaves a thrill in our very being, can hardly be described in mere words. Sufficient it is to say that to compare it with modern jazz, is to compare the sublime with the ridiculous. I find the most delight in the arias by coloratura sopranos and consequently, I have become interested in one of the greatest singers of all time, Adelina Patti.

Adelina Patti was a natural born singer. Born in 1843 of Italian parents, she grew up with a father, mother and elder brothers and sisters who were all opera singers. Two years later the Pattis' came to America where her parents had a contract in New York. It was not until financial difficulties faced the family that they noticed Adelina's talent. At the tender age of seven she started on a tour of the United States, giving concerts. Due to her surroundings, she had learned the arias of many famous operas and these composed a large part of her repertoire. Naturally the beautiful voice of this

young prodigy thrilled her audiences and her fame spread rapidly. This tour lasted until she was 12 years old, at which time her father deemed it wise that she should have a three year rest. During all this time her teacher was Ettore Batili, her half-brother. Her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch was her manager and later taught her many of her roles.

At the age of 16 she made her debut in opera at the Academy of Music in New York in "Lucia di Lammermoor." Here her fresh girlish voice and charming personality captured the hearts of her audience. For a year and a half she remained in New York. Then Strakosch, who was an excellent manager, arranged for her debut at the Royal Italian Opera in London. The opera selected for this occasion was "La Sonnambula," by Bellini. Adelina's part, Amina, particularly suited her and she was an overwhelming success. Thereafter the house was packed on "Patti Nights." Indeed the reign of Patti had begun! This reign lasted for half a century marking unheard of triumph in every country of Europe, bringing with it costly gifts from crowned heads, love, admiration and ovation to "little Patti."

Adelina Patti sang her farewell concert in London in 1907. Few people sat with dry eyes during her final number, the customary "Home Sweet Home." In 1914 at the age of 72 she was last heard in



public when she sang in aid of the Red Cross War Fund. Later, in 1919, she died unexpectedly, leaving behind a beautiful memory.

Of few singers can it be said that they were the public idol for fifty years, that operas were written for them, that their

repertoire included almost every prominent composed, that they received royal distinctions of honour; yet all this, and more, can be said of Adelina Patti, the Queen of Song.

—CLARA KERR, 5-B.

MUSIC A PASTIME

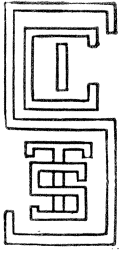
There is a tendency to-day among a great many people to consider great music as high-brow and something for the rich and highly educated. This, however, is merely a foolish notion and is absolutely the wrong viewpoint. The reason why people to-day do not appreciate classical music to its full extent is because they have never had an opportunity. Music is not something to be listened to as a sideline but rather to be interpreted to its full extent through the dramatic and emotional appeal.

One of the fundamental facts to realize in music is that there is a type peculiar to each nation in the world. The environment of the people in the different parts of the world has produced very diversified types of folk song upon which simple melodies, many a masterpiece, had been composed. Obviously, the first thing one should do is to familiarize oneself with the varied folk songs of Italy, Germany and other European countries. This is the simplest form of music and many a glorious melody is classed in its ranks such as "Die Lorelei" of Germany, "Ciri Biri Bin" of Italy, "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms" of England, "Sidewalks of New York" and "Ol' Man River" of America are very typical examples. The lovely tunes of these songs are enough in themselves to be enjoyed, although if everyone knows the inspiration that brought forth these national types of song, they are still more fully appreciated. For example, the above-mentioned "Die Lorelei" will display a race of people who are generally thoughtful, with a beautiful imagination, while the Italian song, "Ciri Biri Bin"

depicts a gay, vivacious race of pleasure-loving people. "Sidewalks of New York" describes the monotonous life of the average American in his daily routine of business. "Ol' Man River" is distinctly negro in its origin and renders the superstitious and pensive mood of the African native. "Believe Me If All These Endearing Young Charms" or "D'ye Ken John Peel" readily show the true nature of the Englishmen. To begin with, this is a very simple way of studying the different sources of characteristic music.

From these beautiful and delightful folk tunes came the inspiration for many a great classic. The universal appeal of Dvorak's "New World Symphony" is due exclusively to its themes taken directly from Polish folk songs. The merit of the symphony, however, lies in the beauty of its expression and the technique of its orchestration. These simple tunes even inspired the great Brahms to transpose them into a form suitable for both orchestra and piano. Beethoven frequently resorted to folk music for a theme of a sonata or symphony. Thus, from these examples, we can readily see the importance of knowing the source of national songs.

Another form of music is the Italian opera. Probably no other source of music supplies more beautiful melodies or gives more opportunity for vocal display than does Italian music. For many years, Italian music was very colourless and tuneless, due to lack of dramatic emotions in the libretto of the opera. After the appearance of Verdi, Rossini, Meyerbeer and Donizetti, more care was given to the choice of libretto and the music



produced became more dramatic, consequently having a far-reaching appeal to people of every nation. One of the most popular of these operas is Rossini's "Il Barbiere Di Siviglia" or the "Barber of Seville." The music for this opera is very florid and colourful. The role for the soprano, tenor, baritone and basso are among the most glorious songs ever written for voice and are sung a great deal in concerts today.

From the comparatively simple form of Italian opera, Richard Wagner made a great step in music. He conceived the idea of the use of a full orchestra. In his operas, each character was analyzed perfectly and, with the orchestra, he produced themes which occur and recur again whenever the particular character appears. The librettos, written by himself are practically perfect and his "Tris-

tan and Isolde' is one of the most marvellous works that has ever been written. Its power lies in the expression of the thoughts of the two lovers. The opera ends with the "Liebestod" or the "Death of Love" which is undoubtedly the most majestic love song which has ever been conceived.

To describe in detail the plots and stories of the great operas would take more space than can be devoted to it here. Music is one of the delightful and charming pastimes. No amusement can give a greater satisfaction than great music. Music has a soul and there is a portion of this soul in the constitution of every human being. If we can but encourage the ear to it, it will become the most pleasant of all pastimes.

—FRED B. RAINSBERRY, 5-B.

A MUSICAL EXODUS

Music is first and foremost an external expression of man's emotions in the form of sound. As such it expresses generally, the type of mind that enjoys it. Not only is it expressive of the individual mind, but also of the national mind and of the age in which it is created.

With this in mind it is of more than passing interest to look about us and see where we stand musically as a nation.

We may as well begin with the World War, for the type of music that was issued in by that struggle is still with us. It is the well known jazz.

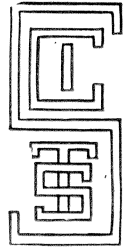
Jazz is an emotional result of two things: The relieved tension of the nations resulting from four years that seemed a lifetime, and our modern mode of living. Rag-time was infant stage of jazz. Following this the pure, unadulterated cacophony of sound and rhythm known as jazz. There were special forms of it, such as the Charleston and Black-bottom. It was not very long before the now world-famous negro composer C. W. Manly gave the world a new thrill with the first composition of its type "St. Louis

Blues." Others of this type follows in quick succession. During all this time jazz was on the increase, but beneath it all, there was the mutual aspect of the phase—relief from tension—a more strenuous mode of self expression.

Especially did the jazz appeal to the youth of the day, and that was simply because adolescents for the most part are out-and-out sensation seekers with an ill-balanced nervous and mental system.

Jazz is not an American type of music. It is basically African in its construction. I say this in all seriousness. The cakewalks and southern minstrel songs preceded rag-time and were instrumental in its formation.

Around the year 1924 there was played in Carnegie Hall a composition which was destined to set the musically-minded of America thinking along different lines. This was the "Rhapsody in Blue" by Gershwin. It was the modern jazz dressed up in symphonic style and was enthusiastically received. Several such compositions were put forth, but, on the whole the popular type drove them off



the scene.

Now began the great change in musical thought that is still taking place. In New York City a little smiling Jew presented a weekly series of classical musical programs and changed the musical taste of the whole continent. That man was Samuel Rothafel—"Roxy" to his millions of listeners, and he believed that classical music could be reinstated in the hearts of the people, through radio. He was right. To prive it, all that is necessary to consider the increase in music of this type on today's radio programs. But it all began with "Roxy" turning to the past for musical entertainment.

But not entirely. The modern music will always be with us. Even that has changed. The waltz is more popular than jazz motives, judging from the recent compositions in general. It is believed that it will continue to be. This trend towards more subdued music be-

gan about 1930.

We see then, the reason for jazz, most characteristic of all our musical moods today. The return to the masters and the turning to more softened music is the general trend today toward the more artistic future.

tistic future. Certainly the classical outlived the modern type. Yet I honestly believe that Ravel's "Bolero" has just as much spontaneity, rhythm and living colour as has "Espagna" and although the modern ballads such as "Love in Bloom" and "Bend in the River" are not so delicate in their toning as Schubert's "Ave Maria," each has its own merit as a song. Perhaps a choral rendition of "Ol' Man River" is not mighty in its emotional appeal as Wagner's "Pilgrim's Chorus" from Tannhauser—but the song is very effective in its way. So take your pick.

—JOHN DANNER, COLL. 5-A.

MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

S. C. I. & T. S. ORCHESTRA

'Twould be a dull world without music and we assuredly agree that it would be a dull day to begin, without the customary stirring marches which our orchestra presents, as we gather in the Assembly Hall each morning. The school should be proud of this fine organization of young musicians which is guided under the skilled baton of its conductor, Mr. W. E. Brush.

In April of last year the annual "Orchestra-Band" concert was held in the Assembly Hall of the Collegiate where the orchestra once more displayed its steady progress with many delightful numbers and solos which included:

1. Overture: "The Benefactor"Heed
2. Valse Lente: "Sinistra"Schultze
3. Clarinet Solo: "Lorita"Gomez
Art Smith
4. Fantasia: "Lucia di Lammermoor"
..... Donizetti
5. Reverie: "In a Rose Garden" ..Acciani

6. Cornet Solo: "Don Quixote"Smith
Ken Oliver

7. Overture: "The Magic Flute" Mozart

At the 1934 Lambton County Musical Festival, the orchestra maintained its high standard of efficiency which has been acquired by the striving efforts of Mr. Brush and its members, and has retained the shield donated a few years ago by the Kiwanis Club of Sarnia. The test selection was the overture, "The Magic Flute" written by Mozart, of which the adjudicator gave a very complimentary and inspiring criticism.

This year the orchestra will again be entered in the Lambton County Musical Festival with the test piece an overture, "Italians in Algiers," by Rossini.

THE PERSONNEL

Conductor—Mr. W. E. Brush.

Piano—Helen Cares.

Violins—Jim Williamson, Bill Cole, Doug. Simpson, Gladys Burns, Ethel



• ORCHESTRA

Back Row—B. Glenn, R. Shannon, J. Connors, Howard Walker, Bruce Tayylor, E. Cares, J. Greason, K. Oliver, E. Murray, Bill Beasley, D. Greason.
Middle Row—A. Murray, S. McDermid, W. Cole, R. Dailey, J. Williamson, Mr. Brush (conductor), A. Smith, H. Cares, Mr. Adie, J. Smith.
Front Row—D. Simpson, Margaret Lane, G. Burns, N. Cruickshank, Helen Cares, D. Levitt, Ethel Kenny, Mary Kolody, E. Ward, Miss Ramsden.

Kenney; Elaine Ward, Miss J. Ramsden, Mary Keskanek, Stuart McDermid, Alex. Murray, Helen Cruickshank, Mary Colody, Ray Dailey, Dorothy Vansickle.

Flute—Jim Conner.

Clarinets—Art Smith, Harold Cares, Mr. Adie, Jim Smith.

Trumpets—Ernest Murray, Jim Greason, Ken Oliver, Bill Beasley.

Alto Horns—Bruce Taylor, Eugene Cares.

Saxophone—Bud Glenn, Howard Walker.

Trombone—Bob Shannon.

Euphonium—Don Greason.

Bass—Mr. Dobbins.

Drums—Don Levitt.



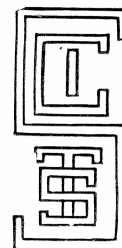
THE JUNIOR ORCHESTRA

It is this group of younger musicians from the public schools and also the Collegiate that serves as a base for our Senior Orchestra, as they advance in the art of music.

At the 1934 Lambton County Music Festival they received a very complimentary criticism from the adjudicator and

were successful in retaining the St. Clair Chapter I.O.D.E. Shield. The test selection was the caprice "Princess Tip-Toe" written by Le Roy.

This year the Junior Orchestra are again being entered in the Musical Festival with the overture, "Health and Wealth" by Weidt.



THE BAND

Back Row—R. Bury, D. Elliot, Mr. Brush (conductor), T. Hallam, Bill Manser, F. Bonner, W. McMann, Bruce Taylor, H. Cares, E. Cares, J. Needham, T. Kemp.
 Middle Row—B. Jarvis, D. Greason, R. Shannon, B. Glenn, N. Walker, K. Oliver, J. Smith, Mr. Adie, R. Oliver, F. Daws.
 Front Row—W. Pilkey, R. Hammett, J. Connors, A. Smith, R. Dailey, D. Levitt, J. Greason, E. Murray, Bill Beasley, D. Dailey.

S. C. I. & T. S. BAND

The Band is the spirit that moves us when we see and hear this smart array of musicians. They excel wherever they are heard, especially on the march when they lead the parade for our Cadets on Inspection Day. Under the direction of its leader, Mr. W. E. Brush, these musicians

The annual "Orchestra-Band" concert bring much credit to our school. was held last April and the Band once more presented a very laudable exhibition which consisted of the following:

1. March: "Banner of Peace" *Cobbett*
2. Overture: "Lustspiel" *Keler Bela*
3. Selection: "Songs from the Old
Folks" *Lake*
4. Waltz: "The Shamrick" *Tobani*
5. Operatic Selection: "In Melody
Land" *Seredy*
6. Overture: "The Golden Sceptre"
..... *Schlepegrell*

7. March: "Here They Come" *Weidt*

THE PERSONNEL

Conductor—Mr. W. E. Brush.

Trumpets—Jim Greason, Ernest Murray, Ken Oliver, Bob Bury, Ted Kemp, Donald Hallan, Bill Rose, Ross Duncan.

Clarinets—Art Smith, R. Mendizabal, Jim Smith, Harold Cares, Dean Daily, Bill Whitely.

Flute—Jim Conner.

Alto Horns—Bruce Taylor, Eugene Cares, Wesley McMahan.

Bass—Bill Pilky, Bill Jarvis, Mr. Dobbins.

Euphonium—Don Greason, Bill Whiting, Bill Manser.

Saxophone—Bud Glenn, Howard Walker.

Drums—Don Levitt.

—JIM WILLIAMSON, 4-B.



"A little work, a little play to keep us going"

AT HOME

The most colorful event of the social school year was the annual At Home—a formal dance held in the girl's gymnasium on the night of December 26. The dance was sponsored by the students in honour of the Alumni, of whom there was a good representation.

A clever plan for the decorations was worked out. Gayly coloured streamers were strung from the centre of the ceiling, where they were gathered with a cluster of bright balloons, across the ceiling and hanging down the walls. The orchestra was also decorated with streamers and balloons. The patrons and patronesses were: Principal and Mrs. F. C. Asbury, Mr. and

Mrs. H. E. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Garvey, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Gray, Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Gray and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. White.

A thoughtfully planned programme of dance music was furnished by the Clare Thorner orchestra. Punch and wafers were served during the evening. Dancing lasted from nine o'clock till one o'clock.

The committee under the chairmanship of Lloyd Goring must be congratulated on the success of the dance. Other members of the committee were: Refreshments, Blanche Finch; Decorations, Vern Boyington; Invitations, Sally Lewis; Programme, James Woodcock.

CADET DANCE

After the strenuous drilling of the Cadet Inspection—for the boys at least—the Cadet Dance was "The Grand Finale"—for the girls—it was a lovely dance.

It not only completed the Cadet Inspection of May twenty-fifth, but it also completed the Social Activities for the school year. And as we had looked forward to this dance for days it was with many sighs and regrets that we heard "Home Sweet Home."

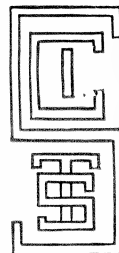
The dancing continued from nine till twelve and the music which was very fine was furnished by Clare Thorner and his orchestra. Refreshments were also served

and added pleasure for some—for others the dancing was all that was necessary.

The dance closed with the playing of the National Anthem, as is customary, and as we left very tired but happy we heard these words—"next year—"

The Cadet Dance was over for this year but already we were looking forward.

The patrons and patronesses were: Principal and Mrs. F. C. Asbury, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Mendizabal, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Bradley, Mr. H. Thompson, Col. J. S. Milne, Maj. W. P. Doohan, Maj. E. L. Fielding, F. E. O'Donohue, E. Adie and W. J. Southcombe.



FRESHMEN'S ANNIHILATION

The annual welcoming for the freshmen of the S. C. I. & T. S. was held at the school in the two gymnasiums on a September evening.

The Freshmen were assembled on the first floor corridor at the east end, then, blindfolded, they were led by a Senior through the corridors of the school, finally ending up at the girls' gymnasium where the real fun of the reception started.

The freshmen had to climb over a row of well-padded benches, helped along by an occasional "tap" with a slap stick. From here they were taken into the boys' gym where a few combats including "pillow fight," "free for all," boxing competitions and "blanket tosses."

Mr. Billingsley, a new teacher on our staff, was also initiated via the blanket tosses route. School cheers were reviewed by our cheer leaders. Following this, the serious part of the evening was reached when a Senior read the oath all freshmen must take to become a full-fledged member of the S. C. I. & T. S. The freshmen were reminded of their humble rank in the school. Also they were reminded of the rule governing their entry at the side doors until after Christmas. Now "full-fledged" members of the school, the freshmen were treated to ice cream bonbons as the successful evening came to a close and the 1934-1935 S. C. I. & T. S. Freshmen's Reception became history.

FRESHETTE'S RECEPTION

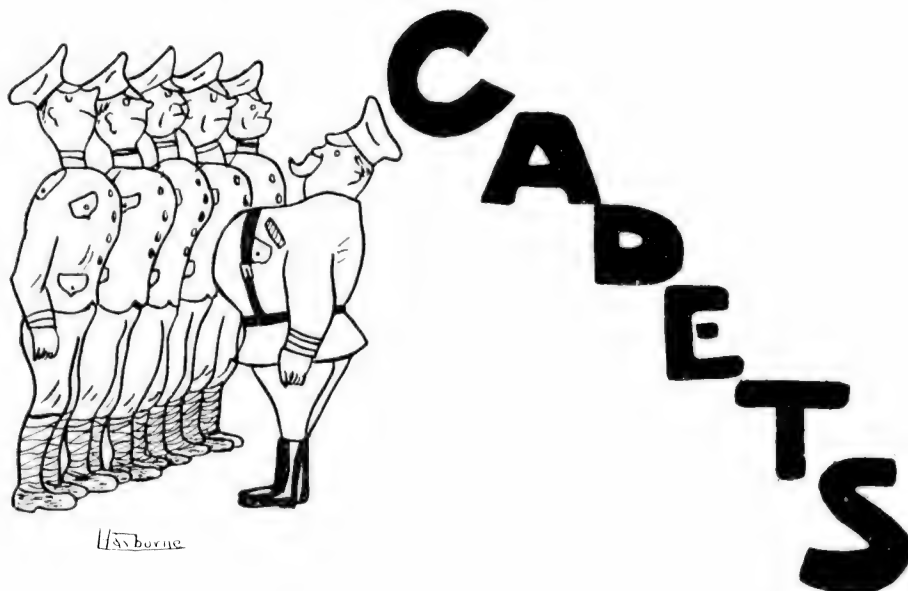
The annual Freshette's reception was held on October 5th. During the day the "freshies" were required to wear large aprons of any design and on their heads, berry boxes tied with green ribbon. In the evening they were blindfolded and led into the boys' gym where they were put through the initiation proper.

During the latter part of the reception a number of teams, captained by Senior girls, were made up from the freshette

ranks and furnished some highly amusing entertainment for the onlookers. After this, lunch and ice cream bars were served to the newly fledged students and they were sent home happy (?) to think over the events of the evening.

The success of the evening was due largely to Miss Ramsden and the senior girls who furnished the best entertainment possible.





CADET INSPECTION 1934

THE annual Cadet Inspection took place on the 23rd of May, 1934. The weather was ideal, sunny, but not unpleasantly hot. The Senior Platoons, Officers and the N.C.O.'s were in full blue uniforms, while the Junior Platoons wore blue trousers and white shirts, making the event less of an ordeal than on previous occasions. The whole battalion of two companies presented a neat and smart appearance.

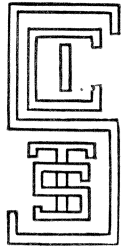
Following the usual custom, a Route March was held down town and back again. The Corps marched in full strength of 350, led by our excellent School Band under the able leadership of Mr. W. E. Brush. The Salute was taken in front of the City Hall by Lt.-Col. J. S. Milne, of the Lambton Regiment. He was accompanied by Major W. P. Doohan, Major E. L. Fielding, Captain H. L. Mitchell, Captain Frank Payne and Principal F. C. Asbury.

On the return to the School Grounds the Cadets were inspected by Major J. Jeffrey, the District Cadet Officer. The program consisted of Ceremonial Inspection in Open Order, March Past in Col-

umn of Companies, Close Column of Platoons and Column of Route. This was followed by Company Drill and Platoon Drill which were performed with smartness and precision.

Following the routine movements, a Physical Training demonstration was given by the whole Corps under the direction of Mr. F. E. O'Donohue. The boys, having removed their coats, performed the various rhythmic movements in perfect time and showed to advantage their different formations and movements.

The Platoons then took up a Square formation in order that the many friends of the School and the parents of the Cadets might have a better view of the activities which followed. A high-class performance was given by the Gym Team on the mats and vaulting horse. The First Aid Team, both Senior and Junior gave an excellent demonstration of their work. Athletic Pins were presented to the officers who had not previously obtained them—Melvin Ramsay, Roger Anderson, Don MacGregor, William Teskey, R. Person, W. Hutchinson, D. Henderson, F. Mollitor and Dick Geddes.



D.C.R.A. Medals for Marksmanship were presented to the following: R. Mendizabal, J. McKellar, D. Simpson, G. Dailey, R. Dailey, L. Thomas, J. DeCou, G. Ingersoll, D. LeSueur.

Major Jeffrey congratulated the Corps, Capt. A. R. Mendizabal and Mr. O'Donohue, the Instructors, and Principal Asbury on the excellent showing of the Cadets. The marching was the best that he had seen. He especially complimented the Band trained by Mr. Brush. He also mentioned the good work done by the First Aid Team, by the Marksmen and the Officers. It was suggested by Major Jeffrey that the march down town should be omitted, thus saving the Cadets this extra marching and shortening appreciably the length of the Inspection.

When the report of the Inspections was made known, Sarnia had won the Strathcona Trophy for First Place in General Efficiency in the District. This is the second year that we have held the above trophy. The Physical Training Trophy was won by Woodstock, Sarnia placing second. The prize donated for the best platoon was won by No. 2 Platoon, under Lieut. W. Hutchinson and Sergt. W. Beatty after a very close competition.

It may be of interest to notice that this year the officers and N.C.O.'s were selected by Capt. Mendizabal according to ability, after having passed an examination following two weeks training. The result of the excellent showing of the Corps was due chiefly to the untiring efforts of the O.C. Owen Lockhart, the Se-

cond in Command Melvin Ramsay, the Adjutant Roger Anderson and the "esprit de corps" shown by all the Officers.

The following are the names of the Officers and N.C.O.'s:

Btn. O.C. Cadet Lt.-Col. O. Lockhart.
 Btn. 2/I.C. Cadet Major M. Ramsey.
 Adjutant, Cadet Capt. R. Anderson.
 Q.M. Cadet Lieut. D. MacGregor.
 R.S.M., W. Weston.

"A" Co'y

O.C., Cadet Major I. Fraser.
 2/I.C., Cadet Capt. J. Woodcock.
 No. 1 Platoon, Cadet Lieut. W. Teskey.

No. 2 Platoon, Cadet Lieut. W. Hutchinson.

No. 3 Platoon, Cadet Lieut. R. Pearson.

C.S.M., T. Mondoux.

Sergts. G. Gough, W. Beatty, J. Clunie.

"B" Co'y

O.C., Cadet Major C. Jones.
 2/I.C., Cadet Capt. D. Henderson.
 No. 4 Platoon, Cadet Lieut. J. McKellar.

No. 5 Platoon, Cadet Lieut. F. Molli-tor.

No. 6 Platoon, Cadet Lieut. D. Geddes.
 Sergts., K. Dagg, W. Johnston, R. Williams.

BAND

Cadet Lieut. J. Garrett, Cadet Sergt. R. Shannon.

HEADQUARTERS

Orderly Sergt., D. Simpson.

SHOOTING

Shooting has always been popular at the S. C. I. & T. S. and this year has proved no exception. So many would-be marksmen turned out for the Test at the first of the year, that a result, many promising young shooters had to be discarded later on in the season.

Shooting trains one to be cool, unexcit-

able, deliberate and persevering. It also increases one's vocabulary and collection of "alibis." (Ask any of the Crack Shots (?) who were at the Connaught Ranges, Ottawa, last summer).

The following are the results for all shooting during the 1933-34 term. Only the best ten scores are shown.



RIFLE TEAM

Fourth Row—L. Bailey, F. Stuchberry, J. Misner, L. McKegney, J. Thain, A. Venton.
Third Row—H. Glaab, W. Harkins, R. Nelson, F. Marsden, R. Kember, R. McMillan, G. Link, L. Thomas.
Second Row—R. Mendizabal (captain), W. Lester, D. Simpson, Mr. Mendizabal, E. Powell, W. Sloan, R. Dailey.
First row—O. York, R. LeSueur, W. Humphrey, J. MacKenzie.

SENIORS

	D.C.R.A. 3 Shoots	Laura Second	Dom. Marks- men Jun. Champion S p	GRAND TOTAL
R. Mendizabal	289	100	296	685
D. Simpson	284	99	287	670
Ray Dailey	286	97	288	671
Glen Dailey	282	98	281	661
J. McKellar	288		287	
J. DeCou	271	96		367
L. Thomas	272	89		361
F. Stuchberry	267	94		361
G. Ingersoll	267	88		355
H. Crabb	258	96		354

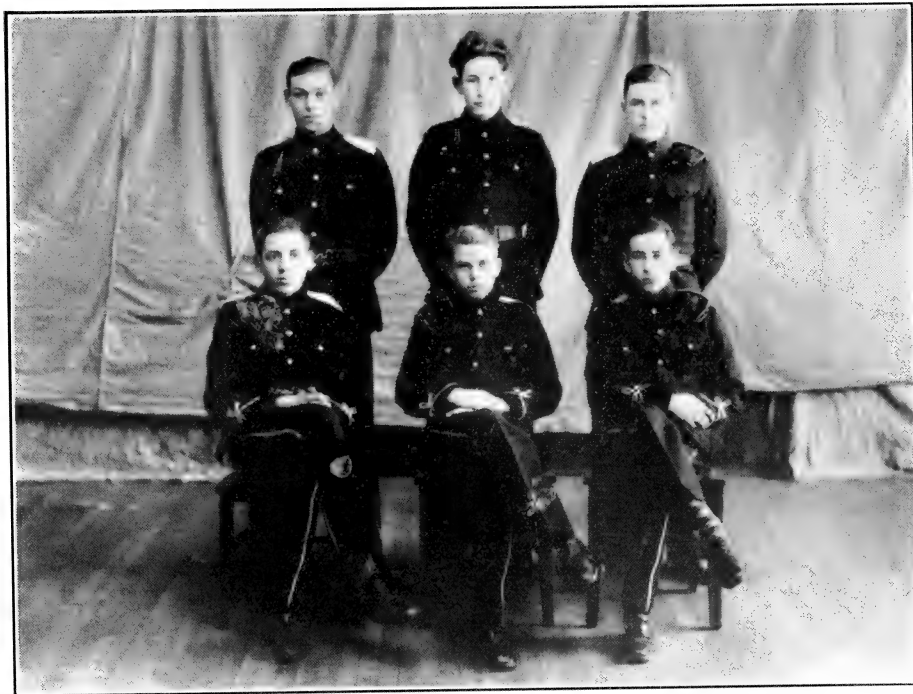
JUNIORS

	D.C.R.A. 3 Shoots	Laura Second
W. Humphreys	246	82
W. Chong	267	88
D. LeSueur	256	89
J. Smith	244	93
S. Round	241	88
K. Cook	245	85
B. O'Connor	233	76
F. Thompson	237	85

In the D.C.R.A. Competition all those over 90 average for Seniors and 85 or over for Juniors received Second Class Bronze Medals, R. Mendizabal winning

the Special Gold Medal for Highest aggregate. The Strathcona Silver Medal for Best Shot in the School was also won by R. Mendizabal.

A team was also entered in the Senior Dominion Marksmen Competition com-



FIRST AID TEAMS

Back Row—H. Griffith, V. Harris, R. Gates. Front Row—F. Simpson, L. Aikin, R. Mendizabal.

posed of the best shots from Sarnia and Port Huron. Representing the School on this team were A. R. Mendizabal, F. C. Asbury, W. J. Southcombe, F. E. O'Donohue, T. Dunford, R. Mendizabal, J. McKellar, Glen Dailey, D. Simpson.

Mr. O'Donohue also took a team representing Sarnia Collegiate to the Dominion Cadet Competition at Connaught Ranges in Ottawa. The team tied for Third Place in the Dominion in the Inter Corps Match besides winning numerous individual prizes. It was composed of R. Mendizabal, D. Simpson, J. DeCou and G. Dailey.

FIRST AID

First Aid is probably one of the most useful of the various School Activities. A First-Aider need not wait until some one's life is to be saved before putting his knowledge into practice, since every year minor accidents occur to all of us, in which a knowledge of First Aid is indis-

pensable. A First-Aider is repaid tenfold for the time spent acquiring practical skill for the rendering of first aid to the injured.

The S. C. I. & T. S. is very fortunate in having the services of Mr. Louis Crockett as instructor in this branch of activities. It is assuredly through no lack of instruction that teams do not win the Dominion Championship as our Senior Team of 1930-31 did.

This year both teams are under a considerable handicap since the course of instruction began unusually late in the season, but it is to be hoped that this will be remedied next year. As a result, the examination for First Aid certificate took place on Thursday, January 10th, and the District Examinations on the following day from 4.00 to 6.00 P.M. Major Linton of London was the Examining Officer.

The Seniors were successful in placing second in their District again this year.



"And who shall place a limit to the giant's unchained strength?"

TRACK AND FIELD

Three hundred athletes provided exceptionally keen competition in this year's annual track and field meet held on Friday, October 15.

Ed. Powell did especially well, setting three new school records in broad-jump, 880, and 110-yard dash to win the intermediate division. Joe Brown was outstanding among the juveniles and successful in establishing new records in the juvenile broad-jump.

Les Craig, Sr. winner, climaxed four years of successful competition. Les has held successfully the Juvenile, Junior, and Intermediate championships, and now the Senior. Truly an outstanding record in track and field competition.

Individual Champions were:

Senior—Les Craig.

Intermediate—Ed. Powell.

Junior—Carl Thorner.

Juvenile—Joe Brown.

SWIMMING

The Swimming Pool has again been opened after being closed for nearly two years and water activities have been resumed.

Last year a very successful Swimming Meet was held. The program included racing, plunging, fancy diving and skits. In the Senior section the John Morse Newton Memorial was won by Arthur Hueston. This was the first time that this beautiful trophy had been competed for and was to be held for one year while a smaller cup remained in the permanent possession of the winner. In the Junior division Sidney Thompson won the Kiwanis Bronze Medal.

Last year a course in Life Saving was conducted by Mr. F. E. O'Donohue and

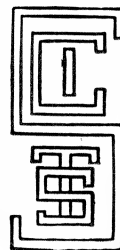
a considerable number qualified for the Royal Life Saving Society Awards. This year Mr. Billingsley is in charge of the Life Saving Classes. The first examination has already been held for a class started in September and another class was started in February.

The following Royal Life Saving Awards were won:

BRONZE MEDALLION—D. Harborne, R. Mendizabal, J. Thain, F. Thompson.

PROFICIENCY CERTIFICATES—N. Darach, R. Gates, E. Gibb, R. MacMillan, C. Miller, A. Murray, J. White.

ELEMENTARY CERTIFICATE—B. Hampton, W. Humphrey, J. Misener, G. Simpson, S. Thompson, J. Stronach.



GYM TEAM

Back Row—R. Mendizabal, W. Lester, D. MacGregor, R. Kent, L. Smith, J. Thain, D. Simpson (captain).
Front Row—Mr. Mendizabal, Mr. Asbury.

GYMNASTICS

The Gym Team had a very successful season, as usual, retaining all their former titles. At the Wossa competition, held in the school gymnasium on March 19, 1934, the Sarnia team defeated the Patterson Collegiate of Windsor easily, the total being 666-561½, out of a possible total of 1000 points, thus winning the Wossa for the third consecutive year. The team was composed of J. Decou, D. Simpson, R. Kent, W. Lester and J. Thain. The first three places were all the Sarnia team, Decou being Wossa champion, Simpson runner-up, and Lester next. By this victory they became the first holders of the Mendizabal trophy, presented by A. R. Mendizabal the gym instructor.

At the Ontario Interscholastic Tournament, Hart House, April 7, 1934, the Gym Team again triumphed, every man on the team placing on the first ten. They obtained 1,355 points, Trinity College Schools, Port Hope, coming second with

1,274. The team was composed of D. MacGregor (capt.), L. Smith, J. Decou, D. Simpson and J. Train. The team captured first place in all events but, since they received the team medals, all individual medals were forfeited.

In the Dominion Junior Gymnastic Competition at the Canadian National Exhibition last Fall, the Team won first place, thus obtaining a new plaque offered for the first time last year, the nearest competitors being Trinity College. Five Gymnasts were entered, Lyle Smith, D. MacGregor, J. Decou, D. Simpson, and J. Thain, the first three comprising the team; Lyle Smith winning first in tumbling, second in horse, and second all-round; Doug Simpson winning a second in parallels and third all-round; Don MacGregor a second in tumbling and Jack Decou a third in horse.

The team was also entered in the Senior Competition. They placed third,



BOXING AND WRESTLING CHAMPIONS

Back Row—W. Chong, W. Harkins, R. Kent, R. Dailey, J. Dennis, J. Thain.
Front Row—R. Dickenson, R. LeSueur, L. Allen, T. Mondoux, P. Lawrence, J. Stronach, W. Perry.

Smith capturing in Senior Tumbling.

The fine showing made throughout the year is a credit to the efforts of Mr. Mendizabal, the instructor. During the year

the LeSueur Gold Medal for the Senior Gymnast was won by J. Decou, Ed. Powell winning Intermediate Championship and James Thompson the Junior.

ASSAULT-AT-ARMS

The Annual Assault-At-Arms was again held in February, with 80 competitors. The following champions were declared:

BOXING

80-lb. Class—P. Lawrence.
95-lb. Class—J. Stronach.
112-lb. Class—L. Allen.
118-lb. Class—W. Perry.
126-lb. Class—W. Harkins.
135-lb. Class—R. Kent.
145-lb. Class—R. Dailey.
155-lb. Class—J. Dennis.
Heavyweight—T. Mondoux.

WRESTLING

75-lb. Class—R. LeSueur.
90-lb. Class—N. Fulkerson.
105-lb. Class—H. Dickenson.
112-lb. Class—L. Allen.
118-lb. Class—W. Chong.
126-lb. Class—J. Thain.
135-lb. Class—R. Kent.
145-lb. Class—R. Dailey.
160-lb. Class—J. Dennis.



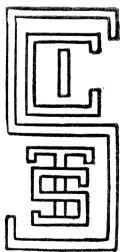
SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—A. Murray, G. Thompson, D. Tolmie, H. Perry, C. Adams, A. McWatters.
Front Row—Mr. O'Donohue, J. Hollinger, J. Woodcock, C. Cote, N. Paithouski, V. Boyington.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—Mr. Adie, R. Kent, L. Andrews, H. Hampton, A. McMillan, J. Shanks, H. Jackson.
Front Row—N. Darrach, P. Cote, O. Moore, G. McPhail, R. Milner.



BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

For the first time in the history of our school a Wossa Basketball tournament was held with four teams competing—Aylmer, St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Patterson Memorial Collegiate. Windsor, and our own Senior team.

The tournament lasted two nights in our school gymnasium, Friday and Saturday nights.

On Friday night Patterson Collegiate and Aylmer High School played the first game, Patterson winning 26 to 14. The second game was between St. Jerome's College and the Sarnia Seniors. St. Jerome's College won the game 19-14.

On the second night of the tournament the preliminary game was played between Aylmer and Senior team, Aylmer winning 17-11. The feature of the evening was a game between St. Jerome's College and Patterson Collegiate for the Wossa championship, which was won by Patterson Collegiate by a score of 15-10. Saturday night ended the first basketball tournament in our school with the teams standing as follows:

Patterson Collegiate, Windsor, W.O.S. S.A. champions; St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, second place, with Aylmer third and Sarnia fourth.

Sarnia succeeded in getting into the tournament by eliminating Leamington in a home and home series, Sarnia winning the series 38-32.

Before Leamington, Sarnia played in a group with two Chatham teams from the Chatham Collegiate and the Chatham Vocational. Sarnia defeated the Vocational School in the two games. The Collegiate of Chatham proved a somewhat harder competition, making it necessary to play a third game in Petrolia, which was a sudden death affair, to break the district tie. Sarnia was successful in winning this game.

This year's team was very capably coached by Mr. F. E. O'Donohue, better known to the team as "Dan." The team received much inspiration from their team captain Duncan Tolmie, who lived up to the virtues that every successful captain must have. The team was composed for the greater part, of members of the championship rugby team. The old standbys of the gridiron, Cal. Adams, Arnie McWatters, Nick Paithouski, Captain Dunc. Tolmie and Vern Boyington as manager were directly connected with the personnel of this year's team.

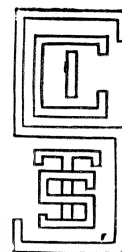
♦ ♦ ♦

JUNIOR RUGBYPERSONNEL OF
JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Flying Wing—Elliott.
Halves—Kent, Moore, Darrach.
Quarter—Shanks.
Snap—Gates.
Insides—Griffith, Collier.
Middle—Dennis, Williams.
Ends—Le Garrie, Cote.
Subs—Brown, Dailey, Burke, Hayes,
Ingersoll, Thompson, Thain, Chapman.

London, Nov. 7.—London South was vanquished 6-3. Cote took a pass from Shanks in the last few seconds and scored a touchdown; Shanks, Darrach, Kent and Moore proving very useful.

Sarnia, Nov. 11.—The Juniors were eliminated by London South, a much heavier team. Coach Bill McNair and the team were publicly congratulated in the school assembly on their fine showing.



JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row—F. C. Asbury, Norman Brown, Jack Collier, J. Burke, Jack Thain, Harold Griffith, J. Hayes, Lewis Dawes, Ross Williams, Bob Gates, Ray Dailey, George Ingersoll, Bill McNair (coach), Jack Kennedy (Mgr.)
Front Row—Hector LeGarrie, J. Chapman, Bob Milner, G. Thompson, Philip Cote, Orville Moore, Roy Kent, Neil Darrach, Tom Elliot, Jack Dennis, Vern Farnier, Jim Shanks.



BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Back Row—L. Craig, V. Boyington, R. Kent, J. Shanks, R. Isbister.
Front Row—K. Jones, D. Tolmie, Mr. O'Donohue, W. Hutchinson, R. Mendizabal.

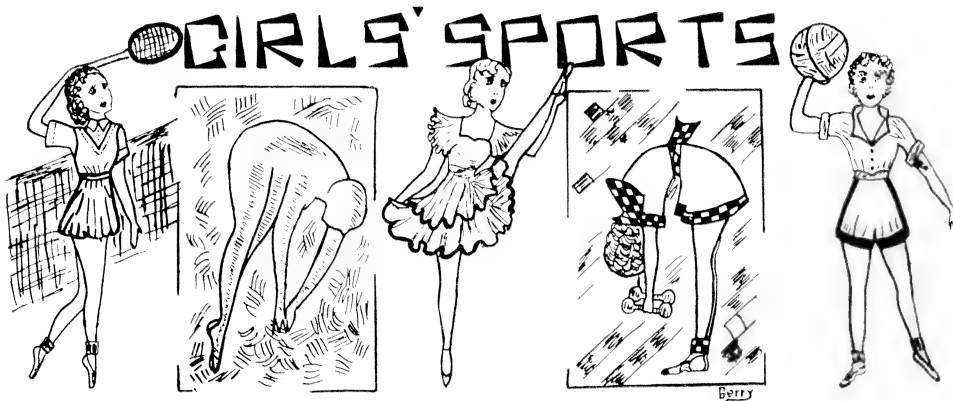
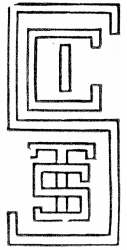


SIGNALLING TEAM

Back Row—A. Lawson, W. Williams, E. Miles, J. McMillan, D. Rutherford, R. Shaw, G. Sadoquis
Front Row—K. Rooney, C. Thompson, K. Oliver, J. Greason, W. Knowles, D. Simpson.

ANSWERS TO BRAIN TWISTERS

1. ANSWER: Three.
2. ANSWER: The dirty one saw the clean one, thought his own face was clean, and so he did not wash it. The clean one saw the dirty one, thought his own was dirty and therefore washed his.
3. ANSWER: He just walked over. The other end of the rope wasn't tied to anything.
4. ANSWER: *Ten*. Don't forget the circular course! On a circular course, the number of planes in front would equal that in the back because the planes would be the same ones. Therefore 90% of the total would be 9 and 100% of the total would be 10.
5. ANSWER: The number of steps would be infinite, because, reasoning on a strictly mathematical basis, the man would never catch up! The distance would diminish as follows: 8, 4, 4, 2, 2, 1, 1, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{8}$ and so on, so that there would always be a space between them.
6. ANSWER: $37\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The rates of the bicycles were the same so they met at the half-way mark. $30 \div 2 = 15$ miles. Therefore each one rode 15 miles at 6 miles per hour. Therefore each one rode for $15 \div 6 = 2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The fly flew at the rate of 15 miles per hour therefore he flew $15 \times 2\frac{1}{2} = 37\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
8. ANSWER: That, that is, is; that, that is not; but that that is, is not that that is not, and that that is not, is not that that is!
9. ANSWER: 66
—
.66
10. ANSWER: He said for all that, that that "that," that that "that" signified was not the one to which he referred.



SWIMMING

This year the pool is again in use, and the girls have formed a swimming club. The requirements for membership are very strict tests set by the instructress, Miss J. Ramsden. The purpose of the organization was to encourage better swimming amongst the girls.

On June 8 a girl's swimming meet was held with both interform and individual competition. In the senior division, Margaret McGibbon led with a total of 14 points, and Marjorie MacGregor was second with 12 points, and Millicent MacGregor and Gladys Giffin tied for third place with 10 points. Emma Hargrove led the intermediate division with eight points and Aileen Mathewson captured

junior honors with three points.

Later in the year, a meet was held for those who did not know how to swim when the pool was opened. A great number entered, all showing great progress.

Life-saving classes were conducted and the following received awards: Silver medallion, Emma Hargrove, Gladys Giffin; Bronze medallion, Emma Hargrove, Marie Hargrove, Margaret James; Proficiency badge and elementary certificate, Emma Hargrove, Aileen Mathewson, Mary Doherty, Audrey Macmillan, Pauline Blundy, Iris Perrie; Elementary certificates, Gladys Hannam, Laurian Hare, Frieda Albert, Margaret Ritchie and Addie Walker.

BASKETBALL

Basketball, the favourite game among the girls, is divided into three divisions this year: Senior, Second Form and First Form. The old system of Round Robin tournaments is again in use instead of teams chosen according to ability.

The seniors are using a new method of play in which each team uses two thirds of the court. This system creates better team work in that all players may be in one-third of the floor at the same time, but by playing their own positions, create the necessity for splendid team work.

The second forms are playing three-

court basketball, and the first forms have the floor divided into nine courts. No two-court basketball is being played at all. The first formers get a good foundation in the game and will prove better players than those who are rushed into the game with no knowledge of the fundamentals.

VOLLEY BALL AND SOFT BALL

As yet neither of these games have had any place in the classes, but it is expected that they will be played later in the year. No volley ball was played last year, but it is expected that it will be on this year's list of sports.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Back Row—Marie Hargrove, Kay Nickell, Geraldine Whitcombe, Mr. Asbury, Miss Ramsden, Gladys Giffin.
Front Row—Winnifred Durnford, Millicent MacGregor, Blanche Finch, Veronica Lang, Arene Holloway.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The officers of the G. A. A. were elected at a mass meeting of the girls in the Assembly Hall. The officers for 1934-35 are as follows:

Honorary Presidents—Miss Ramsden and Mr. Asbury.

President—Millicent MacGregor.

Vice-President—Doris Brown.

Secretary—Arene Holloway.

Treasurer—Winnifred Durnford.

The curators are:

Track and Field—Veronica Lang.

Soccer—Kay Nickell.

Basketball—Blanche Finch.

Volley Ball—Geraldine Whitcombe.

Dancing—Marie Hargrove.

Swimming—Gladys Giffin.

PRESENTATION OF CRESTS

Crests were again presented to the girls who made the highest number of points during the year. Margaret McGibbon winning the all-round championship.

Those receiving crests were: Margaret McGibbon, Kay Nickell, Margaret Doo-han, Emma Hargrove, Ruth Spears, Betty Thompson, Helen Cares, Marie Har-

grove, Kathryn Hayes, Jean Cobban, Eleanor McLeod, Marian Nickell, Enid Whitling, Ida Pontefract, Gale Bolten, Twyla Smith, Betty Kempston, Myrtle Armstrong, Margaret James, Eileen Lyford, Jane Cowan, Betty Whitely, Jean Goldring, Bernice Symington and Blanche Maidment.

BADMINTON

Badminton has taken an important place in girl's sports this year. A club was formed so that games might be more easily arranged. Competition has been very keen throughout the entire year, and Flora MacDonald holds the leading place. Margaret Doohan was chosen as president of the club, with Mary Doherty,

Flora McDonald, Frieda Albert, Marguerite Peterson, Margaret Eacrett and Kay Nickell as officers. A form of competition was introduced whereby the player challenged the person whose name appeared above hers in the list and the winners moved up accordingly.

TRACK AND FIELD

Field day was divided, this year, into interform and individual competitions. Interform competition took place in the morning and was participated in by a great number of girls who ordinarily would not have taken part. Tech. 3 and 4 were the winners of the senior division

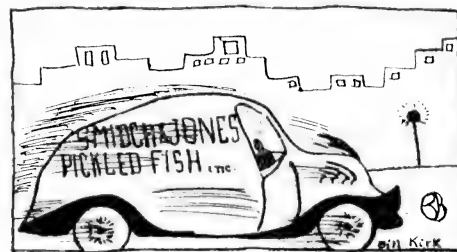
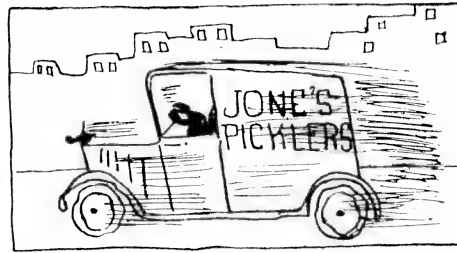
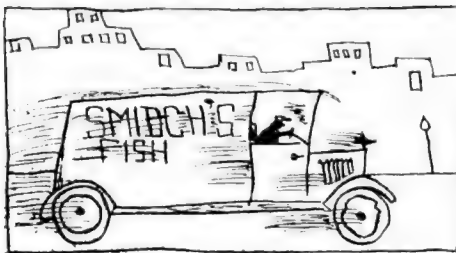
and Coll. 2A of the intermediate and Comm. 1B of the junior.

Individual championships took place in the afternoon. Blanche Finch was senior champion, Winnifred Durnford, intermediate, and Eileen Lyford, junior.

SOCCER

Soccer has at last made an important position for itself in girls' sports. A good turnout of players made the games very interesting. Round Robin tournaments were held, thereby keeping up the interest of the girls, throughout the entire season. Games were played on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday. When it be-

came too cold for outside work, the contests were completed in the gym. Fifth form was the senior winner, Coll. 2A won the intermediate division. Coll. 1E, the junior champs, were eliminated in the playoffs by Coll. 2A who lost the championship to Fiftths.





"Friendship is an exchange of good offices."

THE exchange department this year has been handled in a somewhat different manner than in the past. Instead of printing in our magazine our comments and criticisms of those magazines we have received, we have written directly to the editor-in-chief, or the exchange editor, of each. In this way, a more extensive criticism could be given.

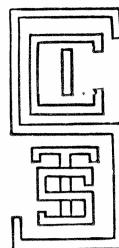
The editor wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines:

ACADIA ATHENAEUM—Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S.
 BENNETT BEACON—Bennett High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
 THE BLUE—Christ's Hospital, West Horsham, Sussex, Eng.
 BREEZES—Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute, Winnipeg.
 THE BUGLE—Crescent Heights High School, Calgary.
 THE CHALLENGER—Vocational School, Saint John, N. B.
 THE FETTESIAN—Fettes College, Edinburgh, Scotland.
 HERMES—Humberside Collegiate, Toronto.
 "K," KELVIN YEAR BOOK—Kelvin Technical High School, Winnipeg.
 THE LANTERN—Sir Adam Beck Collegiate Institute, London.
 NORTHLAND ECHO—North Bay Collegiate Institute & Vocational School,
 SAINT ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW—Saint Andrew's College, Aurora.
 SCHOOL NEWS—Royal Belfast Academical Institution, Belfast, Ireland.
 THE SCREECH OWL—Bowmanville High School, Bowmanville.
 TECH TATLER—Danforth Technical School, Toronto.
 TIMES—Kingston Collegiate Vocational Institute, Kingston.
 THE TWIG—University of Toronto Schools, Toronto.
 VANTECH—Vancouver Technical School, Vancouver.
 THE WATSONIAN—George Watson's College, Edinburgh.

It is always interesting to know what the staffs of other magazines think about us. For this reason, we are printing a few of the criticisms received about our last year's magazine.

BREEZES—Winnipeg. "An excellent magazine. For art, cover design, literature and organization of material, you deserve the highest praise. May your hope for the renewal of your Senior Literary Society be fulfilled by the time we receive your next edition.

THE BUGLE—Calgary. "Yours is a magazine of good quality. The departments are well arranged and your art is good. Especially noticeable is the Literature section."



LAFFS



*"Wit and Wisdom are little seen
But Folly's at full length."*

* * * *

Arnie McWatters (in a poetical reverie): "How the stream tosses in its slumber."
Dunc. Tolmie: "Sure, so would you, if your bed was full of stones."

* * * *

Isbister—"My dad blamed me for the three tire blowouts that we had on our trip."

Shanks—"Was he mad long?"

Isbister—"No, I patched things up."

(I've a rubber check you can vulcanize in your spare moments, Izzy.)

* * * *

When it comes to shopping, men pass the buck to the women.

* * * *

Love is blonde.

(Paging Ling Po! Paging Ling Po!)

* * * *

Another fellow who makes a living with his good looks is a house detective.

* * * *

"Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."

"And I, sir, am not willing to trade."

* * * *

Twister Tolmie—"That was a pretty girl I saw you with last night."

Vern—Yes, that's Birdie Nest."

Twister—"Why do you call her Birdie?"

Vern—"Because she's pigeon-toed, has crows feet, her mother calls her a goose, while her father feathered her nest and she has a bill with everybody."

* * * *

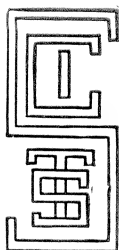
Inspector—"Why do they call our language the 'Mother-tongue'?"

Bright Pupil—"Because the father very seldom gets a chance to use it."

* * * *

Miss McRoberts—"What is the plural of child?"

Freshie—"Quintuplets."



"Words fail me," said the Freshman as he flunked his spelling exam.

* * * *

Give a chiropodist an inch and he'll take a foot.

* * * *

The first woman to get her gowns from Paris was Helen of Troy.

* * * *

Tony Mondoux—Here's little poetry I composed:

Down in the valley,
A maiden fair,
Was braiding her wealth
Of golden hair.

Johnny Burgess—It's way off, it should go—

Down in the kitchen,
A maiden fair,
Out of the hash
Was picking her hair.

* * * *

Phyllis Chambers—"The man I marry must be tall and handsome."

"Wimpy" Taylor—"Gimme a chance, I'm still growing."

* * * *

Isbister—"I'm one of those curfew fighters."

Dailey—"Curfew fighters? What's that?"

Isbister—"When I strike you go to sleep."

(Do you remember the incident, Dean?)

* * * *

A young lady went into a drug store. "Have you any Lifebuoy?" she asked.

"Set the pace, lady," said the young drug store clerk, "set the pace."

* * * *

Scene: Wong's Cafe, London. Lights! Camera! Action!

Johnny Burgess: "Gimme a steak and make it thick and rare."

Dunc. Tolmie: "Gimme a steak and make it thicker and rarer."

Tony Mondoux: "Send in a bull and I'll bite it off on the run."

(Oh, Granma! What a big appetite you've got!)

* * * *

So sick, his tongue was not only coated but it also had a vest and two pairs of pants.

* * * *

Customer—"Is that the head cheese over there?"

Clerk—"No, the boss is out."

* * * *

She was as pure and white as snow—but she drifted.

* * * *

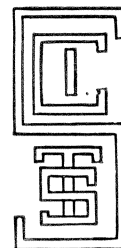
"Well, I've lost another pupil," said the professor, as his glass eye fell on the floor.

* * * *

Miss Harris—"Who was it that prompted you? I heard someone whisper that date to you."

Don McKellar—"That was history repeating itself."

(Quick, pass the bicarbonate of soda. But why bring that up?)



Miss Taylor (to inquiring reporter)—“Yes, the thing I enjoyed most on my trip through France was hearing the French peasants singing the mayonnaise.”

* * * *

“They say bread contains alcohol.”

“Is that so? Let’s drink a little toast.”

* * * *

Miss Walker—“How dare you swear before me?”

“Buck” Oliver—“How the deuce did I know you wanted to swear first?”

* * * *

Now my children gather round while your Uncle Ima—tells you your bedtime story:

Are ya listenin’?

Once upon a time, Old Mama Skunk and all the little skunkses were walking through the big, black woodses. All at once, they saw a great, big, black bear in the path before them. And what do you think Mama Skunk did? Was she afraid? Was her face red? Was her nose shiny? (I could go on for a page and a half.) No indeed, little children, it was not Primo Carnera in a coon skin coat. Mama Skunk just turned to her itsy-bitsy kiddies, and said, “Let us spray, little children, let us spray.”

(That’s all there is, there isn’t any more).

* * * *

Well Wisher (at dock)—“Bon Voyage. I hope you like the cruise.”

Dumb Voyager—“No crews for me. I want the captain.”

* * * *



“You Ought to Take Something for That Halitosis!”

Solomon Socrates Scarcely Sober, Stealthily Seeking Slumber, Sheds Shoes, Seeks Staircase.

Stands Staggeringly, Stumbles, Second Step SLAM! Strikes Sculptured Statue Surmounting Stairpost.

SUFFERING SAINTS! Shatters Statue, Smashes Skull, Sees Stars, Swears Something Scandalous.

Spouse Stirs; Shrill Soprano Shriek—"SOCRATES!" Sphinxlike Silence.

Second Shriek—"SOCRATES!" Socrates Still Speechless.

Spouse's Sole Strikes Staircases. Socrates Scared Stiff, Seeks Salvation Somewhere.

Suddenly Spots Scallywag Stealing Silver. "Stop" Shouts Socrates.

"Shant," Says Scallywag, Showing Shilaleigh. Spouse Spies Scallywag.

Screams Superhumanly, "SHANT SHOOT SOCRATES, SHOO." She Shakes Skirts, Shielding Socrates.

Scallywag Scrams, Snickering Sardonically.

Spouse Swoons. Socrates Soothes Spouse.

She Still Says Scallywag Smashed Statue. Socrates Saved.

(I hope you don't lithp)

* * * *

Man (in restaurant)—"Waiter, put some oka in my soap."

Waiter—"Sorry sir, but we don't carry oka here."

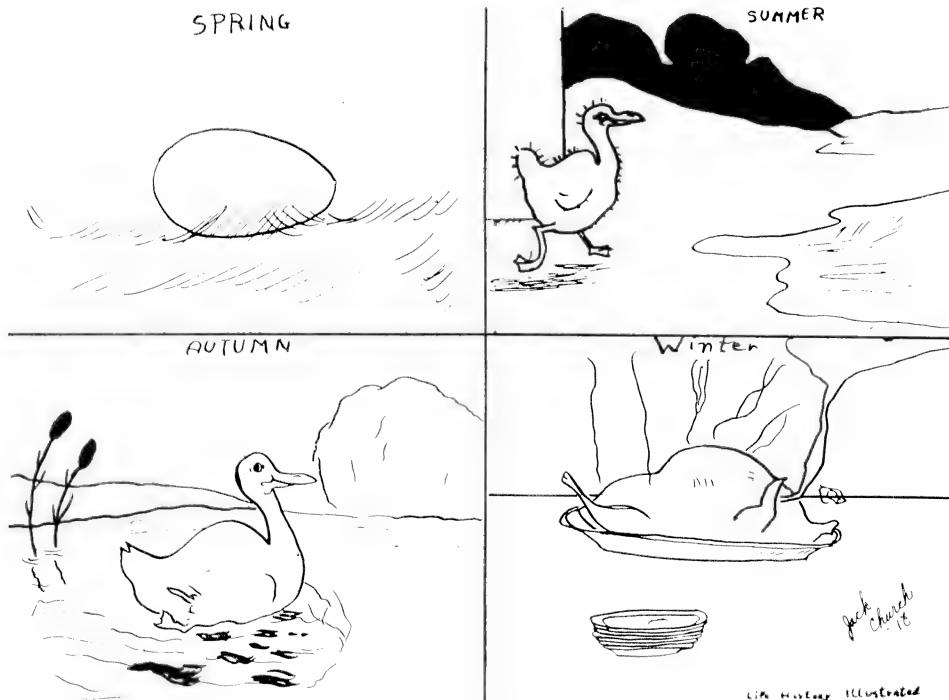
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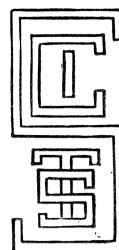
Djah hear about the fellow who joined the Skating Club and was asked to contribute but was kicked out because he couldn't keep his end up?

* * * *

A co-ed's kiss is that school girl confection.

* * * *





Mr. Dennis—"What kind of rock is this, Oliver?"

Ken—"Oh, just take it for granite."

(You'll have to excuse it, folks, but it's a living).

* * * *

If a Hottentot tot taught a Hottentot tot to talk e'er the taught tot could totter, ought the Hottentot tot be taught to say aught, or nought, or what aught to be taught her? If to hoot and to toot a Hottentot tot be taught by a Hottentot tutor, should the tutor get hot if the Hottentot tot hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?

* * * *

I woke to look upon a face,
So silent, white, and cold,
O friends the agony I felt
Can never half be told.
We'd lived together but a year,
Too soon, it seemed, to see
Those gentle hands outstretched and still
That toiled so hard for me.
My waking had been of one,
Who now to sleep had dropped,
'Twas hard to realize, my friends,
My dollar watch had stopped.

* * * *

Mr. Andrews (in Algebra class)—"Any trouble with 4, 5, or 6?"

Ferguson raises his hand half-way.

Mr. Andrews—"Is your hand up, Ferguson?"

Ferguson—"Yes, sir."

Mr. Andrews—"Well, which one?"

Ferguson—"My right one."

(Have someone tickle you just to get into the spirit of the thing).

* * * *

Most of the accidents can be avoided by presence of mind and absence of body.

(I think so, Gracie!)

* * * *

Mr. Mendizabal—"Waiter, are you hard of hearing?"

Waiter—"No, sir. Why?"

Mr. Mendizabal—"The possibility occurred to me that when I asked for liver you mistook it for leather."

* * * *

Drama in Cell 309 in the Chateau de S. C. I. & T. S.

Miss Walker—"MacAdams, point out a pun in this poem."

No answer.

Miss Walker—"Well, say something."

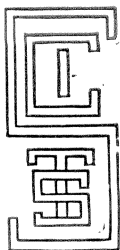
MacAdams—"Something."

* * * *

Isabel—"So you think that new boy friend of yours is a headache, eh?"

Stella—"Headache! huh! He is everything one of those patent medicine panaceas is guaranteed to cure."

(Feeling downhearted, "Pretty Boy"?)



McWatters—"I am more in favour of the Canadian mode of spelling than the American."

Helen Cares—"Why?"

Arnie—"Why take 'parlour' for instance; having 'u' in it makes all the difference in the world."

* * * *

Gent—"Waiter, is there any soup on the menu?"

Waiter—"There was, sir, but I wiped it off."

* * * *

Intelligent (?) Student (picking up a Caesar)—"Oh my, Latin's easy; I wish I had taken it. Look here (pointing to several passages): forty ducks in a row (*forte dux in aro*); pass us some jam (*passus sum jam*); the bony legs of Caesar (*boni leges Caesare*)."

* * * *

The behaviour of a pupil varies inversely as the square of the distance from the teacher's desk.

(What! Another Einstein?)

* * * *

Judge (to burglar)—"What is your trade?"

Burglar—"Locksmith."

Judge—"What were you doing when the police entered?"

Burglar—"Making a bolt for the door."

* * * *

Djah hear about the Scotchman that bought a car and then married a woman with gas on her stomach?

* * * *

Could a hog rancher be called a Pig Business Man?

* * * *

Mr. Asbury—"There's only one thing that keeps you from being a bare-faced prevaricator."

Tony—"What's that?"

Mr. Asbury—"Your mustache."

(Have you noticed Tony's "quints" on his upper lip yet, folks? It's a baseball mustache—9 on each side).

* * * *

New Car-Owner—"What makes those front wheels squeak?"

Mechanic—"Must be water on the knees."

* * * *

Caven—"Are you fond of indoor sports?"

Isabel Dennis—"Yes, if they know when to go home."

* * * *

Pedestrian—"Confound you! Why don't you blow your horn?"

Sisco—"Who you think I am—Little Boy Blue?"

* * * *

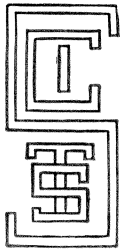
Djah hear about the "freshe" who thought Port Huron was Heaven because the ferries come from there?

* * * *

McWatters (picking up a chestnut burr)—"Hey Keith, quick. I've found a porcupine egg!"

* * * *

Flattery is like peroxide. It turns many a woman's head.



One of the Jones boys—"I read in the Book af Statistics that every time I breathed some-one died."

Isbister—"Why don't you gargle with Listerine?"

* * * *

Latest American Tragedy:

Deaf and dumb baseball fan hollered so loud that he sprained his wrist.

* * * *

Ode to an Osteopath—

The bigger they are, the harder they maul.

* * * *

Nora—"Hello Gerry."

Gerry—"Oh, don't bother me; can't you see I'm balancing accounts?"

Nora—"That's funny, you don't look athletic."

* * * *

Mercurio—"What made Mr. O'Donohue blush so?"

MacAdams—"He told some girl she had poor form."

Eddie—"Well?"

"Hank"—"She showed him where he was wrong."

* * * *

Grandma used to darn her husband's socks, but daughter socks her darn husband. (Time marches on!)

* * * *

First Little Bug—"What are you running along that checked space on the paper for?"

Second Little Bug—"Can't you read? It says, 'Tear along this line'."

* * * *

Harold Cares calls his car "Dawn" because it breaks every morning.

* * * *

Ferguson (changing tire)—"Muscle Shoals."

MacAdams—"Why Muscle Shoals?"

Fergie—"It's the biggest dam I know of."

* * * *

Waghorne—"My friends all tell me I look like Mussolini."

Galonski—"You sure do look like the Duce."

(I know that it's been getting an Old Age Pension for the last six years.)

* * * *

Hunt—"How do you like the cigarette I gave you? For 500 coupons of that brand you get a banjo."

Keelan—"If I smoked 500 of that brand I'd need a harp."

(Still smoking O.P.C.'s D'Arcy?)

* * * *

Ilean L.—"What would you do if I should cry?"

B. F.—"Hang out a sign, 'Wet Paint'."

* * * *

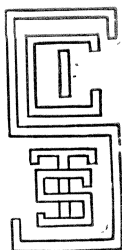
Sally L. (in theatre)—"What does the word 'Asbestos' mean across the curtain?"

Mary M.—"Pipe down and don't show your ignorance. That's Latin for 'Welcome'."

Wilbur Perry—"There was no one at home last night, so I just sat and sang to the clock."

Paithouski—"What were you trying to do? Kill time?"

(I like him too, Nick).



A man doesn't have to be a magician to turn his car into a telephone post.

* * * *

The department store version: Women are subject to exchange without notice.

* * * *

Rev. Sisco—"And what time did you get in last night?"

Norm—"At a quarter of twelve."

Norm's Dad—"Nonsense, I heard the clock strike three."

Norm again—"Well, isn't three a quarter of twelve?"

* * * *

Tip for males: Whenever you see women covered with diamonds you may know some man's fortune has gone on the rocks.

* * * *

Waiter—"It must be kind of difficult to eat soup with a moustache.

Customer—Yes, it's quite a strain.

* * * *

Mr. Andrews—"Do you like to play with blocks?"

Kennedy—"Not since I've grown up."

Mr. Andrews—"Then why are you always scratching your head?"

(Look who is talking).

* * * *

Mr. Coles—"It doesn't take much to get a husband in trouble these days."

Mr. Graham—"No, a word to the wives is sufficient."

* * * *

The average girl seems to think that a flat tire is all right providing he has the jack.

* * * *

Simpson—"Don't forget what the sailor said to the girl who wouldn't marry him."

Thaine—"What was that?"

Doug—"Knots to you!"

* * * *

All women are puzzles, so why not give them up?

(Little Philosopher. What now?)

* * * *

Tailor—"Euripides."

Customer—"Yah, Eumenides."

* * * *

She has a wonderful disposition.

A charm of manner is hers which embraces all of a sweetly old-fashioned gentleness.

She is good.

She has never been seen in a short skirt and the one-piece bathing suit hasn't been made that she would don.

A cigarette has never caressed her lips.

She frowns upon the new dances and jazz bores her.

I know that it all sounds very strange, most unusual and yet it is true.

She actually exists—but that's about all.

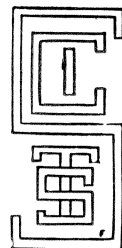
* * * *

Give a man enough rope and you'll have some knotty problems to solve.

* * * *

Harold Cares—"I'm going to marry a pretty girl and a good cook."

Ernie Murray—"You can't. That's bigamy!"



GASOLINE LULLABYE

It is a seasoned motoriste
 And he swervethe notte for dogges,
 Or duckes or geese or guinea hennes
 Or eke the farmer's hogges.

He meetethe carres and crowdethe them
 Into ye ditche with glee;
 On wronge syde passethe carres and scrapes
 Off fenders merrilie.

On quiette streete he honkethe horne;
 At schooles crowdethe on more speed,
 Ye poore galoothe he runnethe downe
 And leavethe there to bleede.

But when perchance an urchine smalle
 From nearby playinge fielde
 Shootethe wide ye rubber pucke
 And crackethe his wyndshielde—

He shakethe fiste and cursethe hymme
 Until ye ayre is blue,
 "Ye impe of Satan," yelleth he,
 "I'll have the law on you."

* * * *

Ray Keelan—"Ah, there you are. Where have you been during the last three dances?"
 Pauline Aiken—"Pete was showing me some new steps."
 Ray—"Were they very hard?"
 Pauline—"Oh, no. We took cushions along."

* * * *

"Yes, and what's more, what I do for a living takes lots of guts."
 "Are you a daredevil?"
 "No, I string violins."

* * * *

"My wife's mouth was not shut a minute all the way to Europe."
 "Was she talking all the time?"
 "No, she was seasick all the time."

* * * *

A woman's words flow like a beautiful river—dam them!

* * * *

The only animal that has four legs, eats oats, has a tail and see equally well from both ends is a blind horse.

* * * *

"This tropical climate gives me a pain."
 "Why, what's eating you?"
 "Mosquitoes."

* * * *

The only time husband and wife should come to blows at the dinner table is when the soup is too hot.

* * * *

A female impersonator who wants to make good must keep a stiff upper lisp.

The fellow who kisses and tells, states Helen, has cured many a girl of Halitosis.

* * * *

Have you heard about the ventriloquist who threw his voice in the ash can when he got married?

* * * *

"There's a guy outside who wants to come in and do a swell imitation of Maurice Chevalier."

"Tell him to stay out and don't take any of his lip!"
(Jake probably sent him).

* * * *

Willie (to visiting grandmother)—"Grandma, please make a noise like a frog."

Astonished Grandmother—"Why, what on earth do you mean?"

Willie—"Well, I heard papa tell mama last night that we'll get fifty thousand dollars when you croak."

* * * *

Marion—"Don't you think I have a beautiful nose?"

Tony—"Oh, it's pretty good, as noses run."

* * * *

Don Harborne—"Sweetheart, does my love-making intoxicate you?"

You Tell Us—"Of course not, you half-pint."

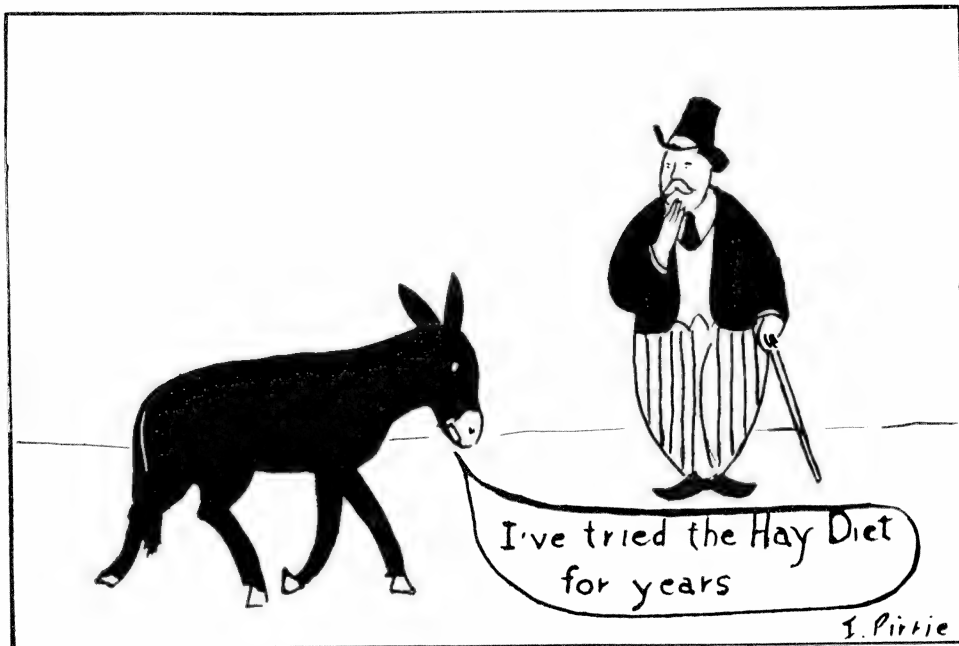
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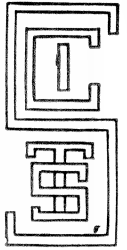
"I guess your brother was pleased when he found himself the father of twin boys."

"Was he! He went around grinning from heir to heir."

* * * *

Some girls have skin they love to retouch.





YE QUAINTE MUSIQUE SHOPPEY

You're In My Power	Mr. Asbury
One Night of Love	Vern Boyington
Dames	5-A Beauties (?)
The Object Of My Affections	Mae West
My Gal Sal	S. C. I.
Texas Blues	Chink Caven
Be Still My Heart	Dorothy Phillips
Parle Moi D'Amour	Mr. Adie
Pardon My Southern Accent	Corle Gort
Take a Number From One to Ten	Mr. Andrews
Give Three Cheers for Love	Bill Hutchinson
I Wish That I Were Twins	Isabel Dennis
Lying in the Hay	Russel Hardick
I Saw Stars	Cal Adams
Down to Uncle Bill's	5th Form Latin Classes
The Man on the Flying Trapeze	Doug. Simpson
Flirtation Walk	The Halls
Happiness Ahead	Holidays
Old Faithful	The March the Orchestra Plays in Assembly Every Morning
O. K. Toots	Miss Burris
It's Funny to Everyone But Me	Harold MacAdams
I Wake Up Smiling	Jean Brown
Sweetie Pie	"Mid." Capps
There's a Tavern in Our Town	Ye Olde Sandwich Shoppe
Emaline	Miss Martin
Lost In a Fog	Room 312
Hold Me	Lois Myers
Learn to Croon	"Wibb" Perry
You Miser You	Ray Keelan
Winter Wonderland	Del's Bar-B-Q
Love in Bloom	Bill and Vicky
Looking for a Needle in a Haystack	Translation of Virgil
Blue in Love	Tolmie
Let's Be Thankful	Friday at 4 p.m.

* * * *

Exercise will kill germs. But the trouble is to get the darned things to exercise.

* * * *

"Say, can you have any fun in this hospital?"

"No, only the surgeons are allowed to cut up."

* * * *

Wife (after trying on about 150 dresses)—"Wouldn't you like to see me in something flowing?"

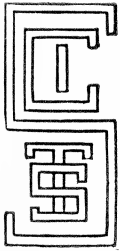
Hubby—"Yes, go jump in the river."

* * * *

One girl who gets money every time she lifts a finger is a pretty blonde manicurist.

* * * *

A prisoner who, when asked by the judge if he had anything to say before judgment was passed, responded: "Yes, I'd like to ask you a riddle judge. Could you use 'leniency' in a sentence?"



Most teachers like to hear themselves talk because they won't listen to reason.

* * * *

When a man stops bringing home the bacon his goose is cooked.

* * * *

Inspector—"Why does cream cost more than milk?"

Brilliant Stude—"Because it's harder for the cows to sit on the small bottles."

* * * *

Kennedy—"The River Road has signs all along warning the petters."

Ingersoll—"What do the signs say?"

Kennedy—"Beware of soft shoulders."

* * * *

"I'm a man who teaches girls their A. B. C.'s."

"A kindergarten instructor?"

"No, a reducing expert with vitamins."

* * * *

Reporter—"Now to what do you owe your success?"

Bricklayer—"Jus' hod woik, me lad, hod woik."

* * * *

Examining Officer—"Have you any scars on you?"

Recruit—"No, but I can give you a cigarette."

* * * *

"You're a funny guy. I call you a shunk, a rotter, a bum and a crook—and you stand there and smile."

"Sure! I used to be a baseball umpire."

* * * *

An extra girl often finds the key to success by changing her locks.

* * * *

What counts the most in the business world? The adding machine.

* * * *

Blanche—"Do you file your own finger nails?"

Ellenor—"No, I just throw them away after I cut 'em off."

* * * *

Everything comes to him who waits if he orders hash.

* * * *

A gold-digger is just a wolf in chic clothing.

* * * *

And then there was the rebellious laundress who struck while the iron was hot.

* * * *

DEFINITIONS

Bridge Player—One who can take it on the shin.

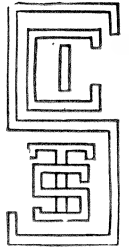
Bashful Romeo—One who gets cold feet when he tries to break the ice.

Optimist—The man who wipes off his glasses before starting to eat his grapefruit in the morning.

Alimony—Coupons clipped from the bands of matrimony.

* * * *

Hard-Boiled Hen (to future offspring now in the making)—Come on, snap out of it, don't be an egg all your life.



If a girl wants a strong, silent man she should get herself a north woods hunter. They never open their traps more than three times a year.

* * * *

Distinguished Visitor—"Have any big men been born in this town?"

Mayor—"No, just babies."

* * * *

Tramp—"Lady, I'm so hungry I could eat grass."

Lady—"You poor man; come around to the back, the grass is longer there."

* * * *

A tramp was sleeping on one of greens of a golf course and the secretary going around the course, prodded him none too gently and told him to clear out.

"Who are you?" demanded the tramp.

"I'm the secretary of the club."

"Well, that's no way to get new members," replied the tramp.

* * * *

Mr. Bury, taking First Form Literary Society picture, after adjusting the camera, looked up and said: "What! no teachers in this picture?"

Mr. Billingsley was in the centre of the group.

(What price youth?)

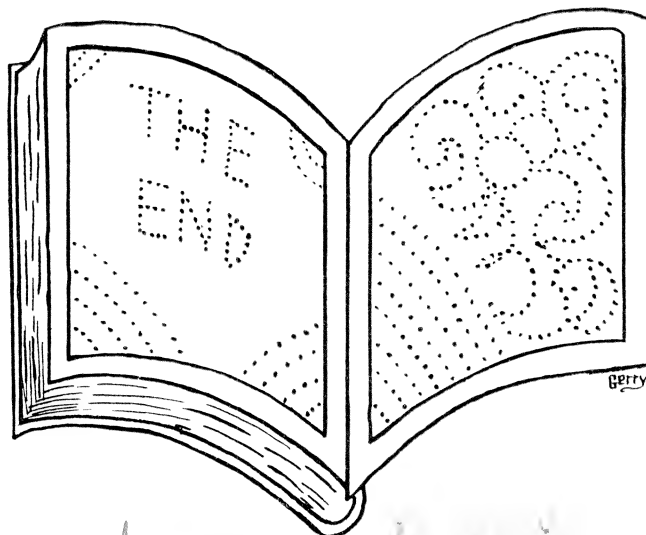
* * * *

I pine for you and balsam. (Sticks).

* * * *

The one who thinks these jokes are poor,
Would straightway change his views,
Could he compare the jokes we print
With those we did not use.

* * * *



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Angela G. Dugg

Leebie

Frankie
Hagline

William McDonald

Beasley
Hannon

T. Hayes
7/10/60 p. 510

James
Long
Perry

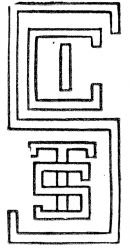
Erma
Thompson

Wigwag

Janet MacKenzie
 Larry J. ...

THE COLLEGIATE

125



Harold Griffiths
 Joy Weller
 Don Patterson
 Betsy
 Mary McGee
 W. P. ...
 E. ...
 J. ...
 M. ...
 F. ...
 S. ...
 T. ...
 U. ...
 V. ...
 W. ...
 X. ...
 Y. ...
 Z. ...

Eileen Jackson - 1st
Gordon M.
Amos Galonski - any
These are the
Ray Kent
Bob McMillan
W. Tilly
Boady Coolidge
Butterfield



John Burger

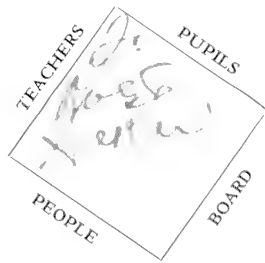
Cliff Miller

Q2?
Q3?

SMR

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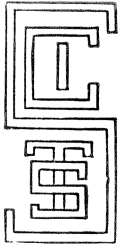
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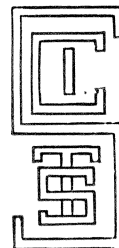
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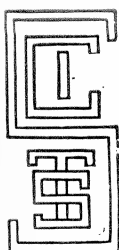
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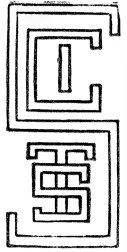
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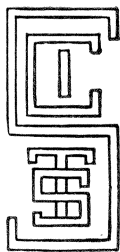
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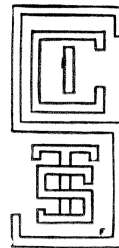
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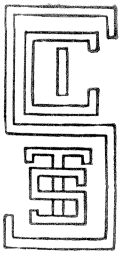
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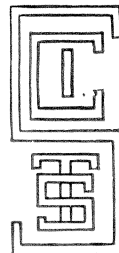
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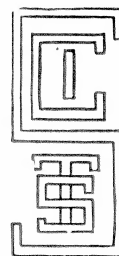
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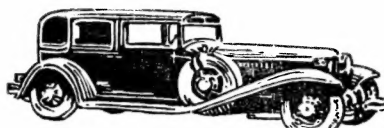
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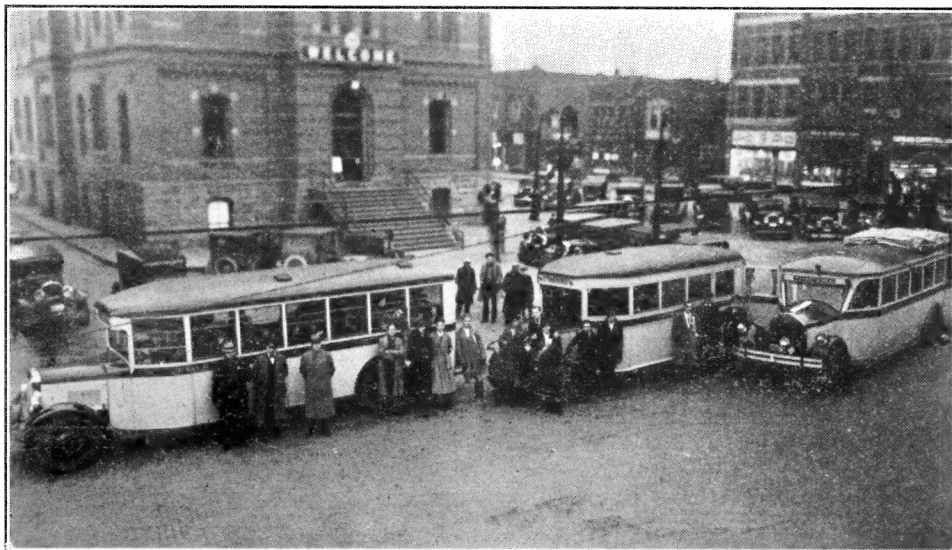
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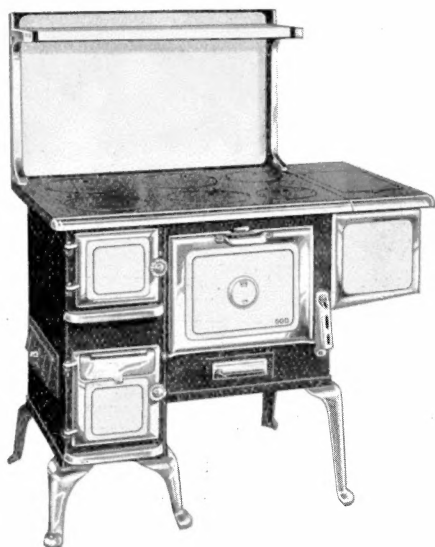
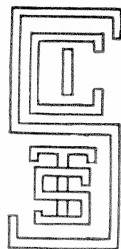
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It is a long jump from the sturdy, utility stoves we made in 1882 to the highly-finished kitchen ranges that we produce to-day.

But the quality has always been there.

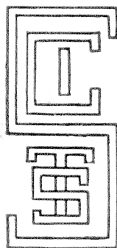
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Doherty Mfg. Co.
Limited

Opposite the Public Library.

Makers of Good Stoves for 53 Years

A Word from the Businesss Manager

The Staff of the "Collegiate" wishes to express its thanks to the advertisers who have contributed to this Magazine. We ask our readers to show a preference to the business firms whose names appear in our advertising spaces.



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